CLEANLY SPORTING

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 17. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 27, 1909. ONE PENNY.

HARRY HALL

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 17. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 27TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

THE SADDLE TROUBLE.

SOME NOTES FOR HORSEY READERS.

To find that his horse has a sore back is one of the most annoying discoveries that can be made by the horseman, whether he be a huntsman, a groom, or a carter.

It always seems to happen just when you specially want to use the horse; such is fate.

Although this trouble does not require a vet. to deal with it, still you cannot ride your horse until his back is hard again, but in a good many cases it can be avoided by ordinary care, and I shall deal with prevention as well as cure.

In the first place, your saddle must fit, and should be made for the horse, as very few horses' backs are the same, though a good saddle will fit most horses with ordinary backs, provided it is not too broad in front so as to come down too low on the withers; but so long as it fits otherwise, you can easily put a piece of blanket or a soft bit of felt under the saddle and keep it from rubbing that way. A long day on a saddle that does not fit is sure to end in a sore back.

I would warn you not to buy a second-hand saddle. Many so-called second-hand saddles are trash, specially made for this market and fit very badly.

Of course some horses have thinner skins than others, and such tender backs that almost any saddle will wring them, however well it may fit. With a horse like that, the only thing to do is to put a sheepskin numnah under the saddle; some prefer a felt one, but personally I am against numnahs of any sort if you can possibly do without them, as they cause a lot of heat, and sometimes blister a horse's back, and that is nearly as troublesome as a sore one.

One more word about the saddle. I should always have it lined with linen, as that keeps the horse's back much cooler, and is therefore less likely to cause trouble. A leather lining is nearly as cool, and lasts longer.

A good cure for a sore back is to mix some gunpowder into a paste with water and put it on the sore place under the rug when the horse is in the stable; put a piece of paper above the paste so as to keep it from making the rug a mess. Whisky is another good thing, but whatever you do it will be some time before the back gets really hard again.

Never put a rug on a sore-backed horse without something between it and the tender place, as the rough rug is sure to irritate it and make it worse.

I once knew a man who wrung his mare's back badly with hounds, and when his groom did her for the night he put on her rough night rug as usual, and, being young and very foolish, he never gave her back a thought. By the morning the mare's back was a running sore, and never got really right all that season, but was touched again every time she had a saddle on for long.

But if you see to your saddles—that they fit and all that sort of thing—you are not likely to have trouble with your horse's back.

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W. IRONSIDE.

CHEEK.

Carmelite House has started a scholarship scheme. For its editors?

* * * * * * *

We really must protest against the brutal severity of the sentence passed by the Bishop of Bath and Wells on the Rev. J. Smyth-Pigott, of Agapemone ill-fame. Mr. Pigott remains a member of the Church of England, but he cannot now be made Archbishop of Canterbury. Cruel!

* * * * * * *

"The average woman has much better taste than the average man," says Sir William Richmond, R.A. So we have often thought on meeting some married ladies, but on the other hand the husbands of some of our feminine friends make us question the truth of Sir William's dictum.

* * * * * * *

"At forty," says the Paris "Figaro," "a man may regret that he is married. At sixty a bachelor regrets bitterly that he did not take a wife." This is one of the premonitory symptoms of senile dementia.

* * * * * * *

According to the "Daily Telegraph": "We must give the children what they can assimilate, what will quicken and stir their interest, what will increase their knowledge of human nature and to some extent will be recollected always." Quite so. Four column reports of divorce cases, eh?

* * * * * * *

"The idea of making a boy's life a life of service is only just beginning to gain a hold in the public schools," says the headmaster of Eton. We thought fagging was as old as the hills.

* * * * * * *

A morning paper has the headline "Cannes Without Water." No wonder Cannes is empty.

* * * * * * *

In declining an offer of £200 a week to appear on the variety stage, Mr. Jack Binns, the brave Marconi operator of the s.s. Republic, says that he cannot act, and further, that he does not want to be made a tin god. As to the first part of his remarks, we must disagree, holding that no man could have acted better than he did, but we heartily recommend Mr. Binns's manliness in refusing the "tin" of the "gods."

* * * * * * *

"Have you ever been in gaol?" said the music hall manager to the trembling applicant for a trial.

"No, sir."

"Have you ever been accused of murder or any other serious crime?"

"No, sir."

"Have you ever been mixed up in a sensational divorce case?"

"No, sir."

"Have you ever done anything to make yourself notorious?"

"No, sir."

"Then run away and play, you are no use to me."

NORMAN FRASER.

MR. POCOCK'S CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

As our readers will remember Mr. H. Gray-Reid in a recent number attacked the Legion of Frontiersmen. In last week's issue Mr. Roger Pocock, founder of the Legion, challenged Mr. Gray-Reid to make good his statements by combat. Below appears our contributor's reply.

To the Editor of THE MODERN MAN.

Sir,

I have received your letter, enclosing a copy of Mr. Roger Pocock's remarkable challenge.

I must frankly and unreservedly acknowledge the very courteous and manly tone of his letter. Nevertheless, this challenge is a trifle ridiculous.

I am to state my age, weight, and degree of training. I will do so: Age, 37, but I look much older, thanks to a misspent life; weight—dash it all, I knew I had forgotten something, and it is too late to get weighed now, but to the best of my belief my normal weight is 10 stone; degree of training, simply rotten. in fact, non-existent.

In return the Legion of Frontiersmen promise to produce from their ranks an adversary who will approximate to these conditions.

Good, but I beg further to inform a gasping world that I am bald-headed, wear false teeth, and suffer from liver complaint. If I am to accept Mr. Pocock's challenge on his lines, my opponent should also be bald-headed, toothless, and "livery."

Moreover, I am a modest man; I refuse to nominate myself as a champion of journalism.

As a journalist I decline Mr. Pocock's challenge.

As a man I accept it

Mr. Pocock does me the honour of calling me a gentleman. I thank him, but when he suggests a trial of strength at boxing or wrestling, I must point out that fists are not the weapons of a gentleman.

All I know about Mr. Roger Pocock is that he has written some admirable books; of his physical qualifications I know nothing.

He has challenged me to combat, and I am ready to take him on. I do not want to fight any other member of the Legion. He is its representative, and he shall be my adversary. Unless his challenge was made in mere bravado, he must meet me.

As the party challenged, I have the privilege of choosing weapons Pistols are barred by our grandmotherly law; therefore I choose swords. If there is any obstacle in the way of having the meeting in England, I would point out that Belgium is distant only a few hours' journey.

I ask you, Mr. Editor, to be my friend and second; with Mr. Pocock's friend you can arrange the time and rendezvous.

Mr. Roger Pocock, I salute you. On guard, sir!

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

HENRY GRAY-REID.

[I am quite prepared to act as second to my contributor, and I shall see to it that the forthcoming duel is fought in all fairness, as becomes the combatants, who are gentlemen both.—EDITOR, THE MODERN MAN.]

NIGHT IN THE WOODS

Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene,
In darkness and in storm he found delight.—BEATTIE.

The sun went down with an angry flush and the boisterous winds went with it, leaving the earth in silence and peace.

To those unsensitive to the first signs and sensations of the coming spring, all was just as dead and cheerless as in the bleakest December depths, but to the keeper, and to me, the new Nature was already born and was fast coming to conscious possession of the earth.

Signs of the waking were indeed few; the purple depths of the wood suggested nothing but deep sleep and inhospitable chilliness; no life was stirring in the frost-parched underwoods, scarce a bird-note had sounded.

There was a stillness that could be felt.

But in the blood of us both an unaccustomed warmth spoke eloquently of change, and a thousand mingled scents of earth and herb and tree worked like double magic on our feelings.

And this it was that caused my friend in velvet and gaiters to send me word of his first night tramp of the year, and this it was that compelled me to go with him.

He carried no gun; no dog followed at his heels.

WAITING AND WATCHING.

Together we stepped briskly out along the gently-rising track that led to the heart of the Down-side woods where, one or twice a year, the solitudes were made to ring and echo with a ceaseless fusilade. But that time was not yet.

Where the tracks converge upon an open space of short-cropped turf, we halted and without a word of discussion we took our seats upon the great beech trunk whose surface, smooth by nature, had been worn still smoother by the use the keeper made of it, year in year out, as his watching place.

He had had many a bloodless brush with poachers hereabout, and had rid the wood of "other vermin," as he villainously put it, of the four-legged description, with the aid of his gun.

To-night nothing was to be expected in this way, so we sat and listened and drank in the newly liberated scents and revelled silently in the sheer joy of being close to earth and surrounded by the hosts of creatures he loved and hated at once—the egg-stealing creatures and destroyers of pheasant chicks.

BUSY LIFE AROUND US.

Though his duty was to exterminate these, yet he had a warm corner in his heart for every living thing, and I sometimes suspected him of a greater tenderness towards the rat, the weasel, and the jay than towards the pampered birds it was his work to shield and preserve.

"Night is a good shepherd, for it brings all creatures home," says an ancient proverb. To-day we know it is but half a truth, for the life of the woods at night almost equals in variety that of the day.

There is no sleep around us.

The hollow bark of a dog fox in the depths of the wood arrests our attention, and we know that the struggle for existence and the thrills and pangs of love and passion are as real to the creatures of the wood as to human beings.

In his stealthy roaming, all unsuspecting, he comes in our direction, the rustling of the leaves in his path, and the quick sharp snap of a twig helping us to follow his every move, dark though it is.

The keeper jerks a knowing thumb towards him, and I answer with a nod. Speech would instantly break the spell, for quietness is the one essential in watching wild nature.

Slight, sudden rustlings all around tell of a hundred creatures busy with their destiny. Through the gloom we can imagine the forms of night-feeding birds, and the leaping rabbits, bounding to and fro across the drives, out of one clump of tangled roots and brambles into the depths on the opposite side.

From somewhere up in the overcast sky there comes a harsh, sudden, thrice repeated cry—the raucous voice of the ghostly heron, perhaps outward bound to the distant mere, or returning after a late supper.

A SUDDEN STORM.

We are recalled to more practical affairs by a sudden rising of the wind, and a few preliminary drops of rain suggesting a coming downpour.

We start to our feet and think of the nearest way home, but long before we clear the wood the very "windows of heaven" are opened, and we are rudely buffeted and soaked.

In the lee of the wood we wait and listen to the musical humming of the squall in the tree tops, the rising and falling of the wailing note, and the lashing of the heavy drops upon the remnants of last autumn's harvest of leaves.

But the storm passes. We set out for home, and before either of us has fallen asleep we realise that—

"Night's candles have burnt out and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops."

SIDNEY MAYER.

HOW TO SELL A PLAY.

Play writing is the most remunerative form of literary work, and just as its rewards are high, so are its disappointments proportionately large. Even the best known of our present day playwrights have the utmost difficulty in getting a manager to read their plays.

The cost of staging a modern play is so very great that a manager cannot afford to run the risk of failure, and he therefore works on conservative lines, preferring plays which embody certain conventional features whose drawing power has been proved. He will not as a rule consider the work of a novice, however good it may be, simply because he considers the risk too great.

The writer who wishes to become a dramatist, should commence by working for one of those publishing houses which make a speciality for supplying the needs of amateur actors.

The little sixpenny playbooks which they sell are not sufficiently profitable to enable them to pay very much to the authors of these plays, but they will generally give from £5 to £20 for work that is likely to sell. To suit amateur needs the play must not have more than six or seven characters, must be easy to act, and must be of the present day, so that ordinary costumes can be used.

In selling a play to such a publisher, one should always reserve the dramatic rights, as many a manager is willing to stage a play which has proved successful with amateurs.

When you have learnt stage-craft by writing and studying such plays, it will be time to submit your work to Mr. Tree, Mr. Alexander, or Mr. Waller. Never send them plays in full, but have a resumé typed, and ask whether they will consider this if you send it on. If they approve of the story of your play they may then ask you to forward the play in full. This is the way to ensure that your MSS. will be read at once, instead of being laid in a drawer to be read at some indefinite date, or perhaps neglected altogether.

CLUB ORGANISING.

A STRAIGHT TALK WITH OFFICIALS.

Any reader who has ever tried founding a club of any kind, athletic or otherwise, will know that it isn't by any means as easy as it seems, and that a very great deal of tact and patience is required.

To start with, you must not have too many officers. Two are usually sufficient. The president is generally but a figure-head, whose influence and advice, however, may be useful to the young club, though he may not take any very active share in its pursuits.

Everything else is best left, at first at any rate, to the secretary, on whom obviously the success or failure of the club will very largely depend. He will have charge of the club's treasury, he will be responsible for getting—and keeping—new members, he will have to arrange all club fixtures and see that they are carried through according to the rules.

I once was on the committee of an athletic club which boasted a president, a vice-president, a treasurer, a secretary, a captain, and a committee of six members.

The arranging of a committee meeting was a business which gave the wretched secretary a vast amount of correspondence and trouble.

When he required money for working expenses he had to beg it from the treasurer, who was never to be found at home.

The vice-president and the captain were always at daggers drawn, and many were the disputes that took place, for each was persuaded that all the unpleasant duties pertained to the office of the other, and the pleasant ones to his own.

The committee, which will be the more efficient the smaller it is, should merely exist for the secretary to consult, as representing the interests and views of the club, and should deal merely with the more important matters of policy and alterations of general rules and so on. It is fatal for the committee to attempt to regulate every small detail. These are far better left in the hands of one man.

The secretary will also need great tact in maintaining the popularity of the club with the outside world. I remember when I was at college the "boating set" and the "footer set" were very sharply defined, and there was always some rivarly between them, for naturally as one increased in popularity the other declined.

Such a state of things in a small college could only be attended with the worst results, for each club needed the support, not the opposition, of the other.

As secretary of the boat club, with friends in either set, I had an obvious opportunity for the exercise of a little tact by bringing the two together, and restraining remarks and actions which might give offence, but I assure you it was difficult to keep the peace at times.

If you are founding a club, the most important thing is to get the right sort of men on the committee, and, to start with, as members also. Though you naturally want to have in the club only chaps of the right sort, you have to be specially careful at first not only not to admit anyone whose presence may keep others out, but to get hold of fellows whose influence will bring others with them.

Let me end by citing an instance where a club secretary showed himself lamentably lacking in tact.

A friend of mine had pulled a local cross-country club out of a hole by a timely loan of an amount which then meant a good deal to him.

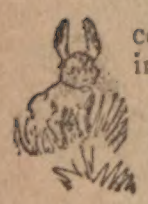
At the next meeting the gratitude of the club was expressed in rather fulsome terms in the minutes.

"Oh," said my friend, "cut that; you needn't put it in the minutes."

"Sir," replied the secretary with a zealous but tactless regard for the rules, "if you have any objection to make, please reserve it until the minutes have been read."

And the benefactor of the club retired crushed.

T. CRAWFORD.



ROBBING THE SCOTCH EXPRESS.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN G. ROWE.

He was standing on the platform, unnoticed amid the bustling throng of passengers, and still closely watching the bag.

The lady's maid kept tight hold of it all the time, and Lady Salson herself hovered around, watching it nervously.

That was the bag he had been after for the past three weeks, and now it was going to London—the best watched place in the world.

"I won't give it up!" he muttered. "I'll follow it still. That bag's going to be nabbed this journey, or—I am. Humph! They're getting in everywhere; so I'd better do the same. Only wants two minutes to the time of departure! I can think better, too, sitting in a corner snugly, nursing my pipe, than out here where a 'tec may slap me on the shoulder any moment."

The train was not half full; and he stood at the tail end of it, near the guard's van, for he had not intended to become a passenger. He had hoped against hope that a chance of sneaking the bag would present itself before it was time for the train to depart.

As is often the case, the guard's van was not at the extreme end of the train. There was a coach behind it, and the last compartment was a "first smoker."

It was empty; and, without altogether knowing why, Jerry Cumber chose it. Perhaps it was because it was the only "smoker" near, or perhaps it was because it seemed to be in the fitness of things that he should take a back seat until it was time to come to the front. Another reason, no doubt, was that he was likely to have it to himself.

"My reputation's really at stake," he murmured, as he lit his pipe again. "Yes, Jerry Cumber, your reputation's at stake in this matter. How can you look yourself in the face in a mirror, if you let that bag and its £20,000 worth of jewels slip through your fingers, after the way you've kept your eye on it all these weeks? No, sir; it's got to be done this trip. That bag's got to change hands before London is reached. There will be no chance later."

The noise of doors slamming *à la crescendo* came along the platform. "Take your seats, please! Take your seats!"

The whistle blew, and the train was off.

Jerry Cumber snuggled back in his corner seat and sucked luxuriously at his pipe.

"Now, how's it going to be done? I might walk along the footboard, so I might. Yes, and be seen by people in the intervening compartments, to say nothing of running the risk of being jerked off and breaking my very precious neck. Oh, yes, very good, Mr. Jerry Cumber, but that won't do. That won't do at all. You must think of something better."

He had not succeeded in doing so when the train glided into the junction where tickets were examined before the long run south. As Mr. Cumber had no ticket, he was put to the necessity of slipping out at the farther door and stepping down on to the ballast, to wait until the train was going on again.

Fortunately, there wasn't a soul upon the opposite platform; but then, even if there had been, no one would have suspected that he was not an official examining the wheels or something of the kind.

His eye fell upon a porter's lamp left on the edge of the other platform. A simple thing, yet the sight of that lamp suggested the very plan he wanted—a *ruse-de-guerre* distinctly after his heart.

In a trice he was across the metals and had secured it.

From the slamming of the doors, he knew the ticket examiner had passed his compartment by; for, to save time, two or more officials begin at either end of the train and work towards each other. He sprang up again on the footboard, opened the carriage door, and, re-entering, thrust the lamp under the seat.

Then he boldly emerged on to the platform and hastened towards the bookstall. He was only just in time; the boy was putting up the shutters.

"A penny bottle of red ink, please!"

The boy stared a little but promptly produced the required article; and Mr. Cumber returned with it to his compartment.

As the train resumed its journey he set to work. He first extracted the cork from the bottle of red ink with his penknife; then he drew the lamp out from under the seat and set it beside him. Next, he saturated his handkerchief with the red fluid and proceeded to smear this all over the glass of the lamp.

When he had completely changed the colour of the glass front, he lighted the lamp and looked out of the carriage window.

"The night's a good dark one, and therefore in my favour," he muttered. "Now for the next signal-box!"

He watched ahead.

Presently in the distance he saw the lighted windows of a cabin.

Waiting until he was passing the box, he snatched up the lamp and held it out towards the back of the train, as far as he could reach.

He held the lamp steadily in position while the signal-box remained within sight. Then, as the train whisked round a curve that hid it, he lowered his arm and flung the lamp into the darkness.

"And now for the next box," he said; and he watched ahead again.

Simultaneously with his sighting the next cabin, the train began to slow down.

"The trick has worked all right," he laughed jubilantly. "The man at the last box saw my additional light at the tail of the train and signalled the man here to 'stop train, as tail-lights are wrong,' just as I knew he would. Now for that bag! But I mustn't forget my own."

He caught up the small handbag that held his worldly possessions, and, as the train came to a standstill, he opened the opposite door of the compartment, stepped out once more on to the footboard and sprang down.

All heads, he knew, would be thrust out on the cabin side. He ran swiftly to the compartment occupied by Lady Salson and her maid.

Springing up the footboard, he wrenched open the door. The ladies were at the opposite window, trying to hear what the signalman was saying.

Both turned with faint shrieks at his sudden and unexpected entry.

"Excuse me, Lady Salson," he said. "I am very sorry to have to inconvenience you in any way, but I require something that, though not my property, is going to be."

The bag containing the jewel-case was lying on the seat. He whipped it up, and was gone before either of the ladies could even protest.

Vaulting the low railing that separated the track on that side from a meadow, Mr. Cumber fled away across this at his topmost speed. In one hand he swung his own handbag; in the other Lady Salson's.

He was already congratulating himself on his success, when the moon shone out from behind a bank of clouds and flooded the countryside with its silvery light.

Jerry Cumber ground out a most unparliamentary expression, and well he might, for immediately after there reached his ears a shout in many voices—a ringing "view-halloo" from the train.

Lady Salson had raised the alarm, and the treacherous Jezebel of a moon had given him away completely.

And then, on top of all, what must he do but go and tumble over a piece of old wire in his path and sprain his ankle!

He could not put his foot to the earth, much less run.

The pursuers came up, armed promiscuously but all pretty effectively, to do battle with him and to lead him back a captive to the train.

"All right!" he said. "You've got me. No need to make a fuss. Here are Lady Salson's jewels back again, safe and sound. I don't want them as she's so particular. I haven't even looked at 'em."

They carried him back in state to the train; and he was placed in the guard's van, in custody of that official and two or three of the gentlemen passengers who elected to take care of them both as far as the next station.

"Look here," said Jerry, as the train went on, "one of you might have the kindness to do something for my sprained ankle."

It happened that one of the gentlemen was a doctor; and he promptly removed Jerry's boot and took measures to allay the pain and the swelling; with such success that when his patient was handed over to the policemen whom they found waiting for them at the next station, the said patient was able to put his boot on again and walk.

The police took the charge against Jerry, handcuffed him and marched him off to the local Bridewell.

When they reached it, the station-sergeant was temporarily absent from the charge-room, and the two constables and Jerry sat down to await his return.

"I suppose you'll have no objection to my having a biscuit or two?" Jerry asked politely. "I'm deucedly hungry all at once."

"Oh, eat your biscuits by all means," replied one of his captors.

"Then let's have that handbag, if you please? I've some in it."

The bag was handed over, Jerry taking it and opening it with his manacled hands. He thrust both inside the bag and drew out—not a handful of biscuits but a pair of six-shooters, which he presented at the heads of his startled custodians.

"Not a word out of either of you, or you are dead men," he said in a low, tense tone which spoke volumes—conveyed a truculence the pair opposite him had never dreamed was in him. "You on the right, unlock these bracelets and be quick about it. Hurry up, do you hear? Or this pistol may go off suddenly."

The situation admitted of no opposition, and the constable specified shrinkingly rose to obey the mandate.

"Put your hands up, you!" said Jerry to the other.

The man obeyed pretty smartly under the silent threat of the little tube covering him; and his comrade unlocked Jerry's handcuffs.

"Now, both of you inside that passage there—quick march! Close the door after you, please!"

The two officers hesitated. The sergeant's footfall had sounded on the floor above.

"Obey, I say," urged Mr. Cumber, menacingly, and he clicked the triggers.

Both constables hurriedly walked inside the passage and one slammed the door behind them.

With the rapidity of lightning, Mr. Cumber turned the key in the lock, then darted to the street door, opened it, and vanished into the night.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

BATHS.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of bathing, especially to the physical culturist.

I once heard the human body compared to a furnace of which the fires are damped during sleep. To continue the simile, the pores play a most important part in the discharging of the cinders from the furnace; and the necessity for removing the cinders, and keeping the outlets open, is as obvious as it is often disregarded.

The more exercise you take, the more the furnace is heated, and consequently the more cinders are thrown off.

It is not always possible to get a bath after hard exercise, but a sponge down with a wet towel is a good substitute which is always available. Let the traveller and the man who lodges in a house where there is no bath, lay this to heart.

FOR CHEST AND BACK.

Stand at attention, heels together and arms by the sides, with the palms extended.

Practise this for about half-a-minute at a time.

Raise the arms in front of you, keeping them straight, but not tensing the muscles, and swing them sharply over the head and down to the sides again.

Each arm must move as far as possible in the same plane throughout the exercise. In this way the shoulder-blades are forced together and the lungs opened, while the rapidity with which the arms are swung round gives suppleness to the arm and shoulder muscles.

You will find it a splendid exercise to begin with in order to open your lungs and get your circulation going strong on a cold morning.

Don't keep on too long at first. Thirty seconds is enough if you do it with vim.

HABIT AND EXERCISE.

There seems to be a strain of laziness inborn in every man. You must often have felt a disinclination to take exercise, and perhaps have satisfied your conscience in this matter with some very flabby excuses.

The only way out of it is to form a habit. It means a lot of effort at first, but in the end your exercise will come as part of the regular daily round, and will cost you no effort at all.

Suppose you go in for such exercises as I have given on this page. It is the regularity that counts in physical culture, so you must see to it that the exercises become a regular part of the process of getting up or going to bed, which you would no more forget than you would forget to put on your—well, your waistcoat.

If you once persuade yourself to let yourself off just for one night, it is all up—or at least the temptation to slack next night is redoubled.

Then again your Saturday afternoon's exercise can be turned into a habit, though it becomes none the less enjoyable, and need not be the same every Saturday. The point is that it shall be your normal habit to go out and do something in the athletic line.

Again, if you are working in a city, make a habit of walking for your lunch at midday as far as the time allowed will permit. Don't just turn into the nearest restaurant, and sit there till it is time to return to work.

Every man is bound to form habits, but by a very little effort you can force your habits to be of service to you instead of the reverse.

SMOKING AND TRAINING.

Is it necessary, when in training, to knock off smoking altogether?

That is a question which is usually answered in the affirmative, but for my part I should say "No."

I am speaking from my own experience. If the training is for a fairly long period—a month at least, then the ideal is no doubt to knock off. But it usually upsets a smoker far more to give up the seductive weed altogether than it would to continue to smoke in moderation, and if the training is not long enough to enable him to get accustomed to the want of it, he will be well advised to stick to his two pipes a day.

Cigarettes, however, the athlete should keep away from as much as possible. It is the paper, not the tobacco, which does the harm.

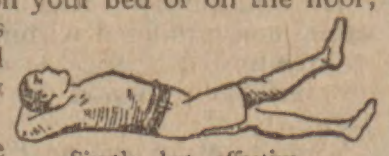
For most sports, with the exception of the more strenuous and concentrated ones, such as rowing, the best plan for the fellow who normally leads a good healthy life, is to stick to it as far as possible.

For the less athletic sports, where "eye" is the first essential—rifle-shooting and billiards for instance—it is absolutely imperative to continue one's ordinary mode of life, simply avoiding excess in everything—smoking, eating, drinking and exercise alike.

A THIGH DEVELOPER.

You will find this an exceptionally fine exercise for the upper muscles of the leg, and also for those of the abdomen.

Lie at full length on your bed or on the floor, folding your hands beneath your head so as to throw out the chest.



Simple but effective.

Then raise the legs alternately, keeping them rigid from hip to toe, extending the feet as far as possible in line with the leg, and tensing all the leg muscles.

The leg should be raised very slowly until it is at an angle of about 45 degrees with the bed, and should then be slowly lowered.

This may seem a very simple exercise, but you will find that you will not be able to do it many times at first; observe the golden rule of going on until you are tired and then stopping.

GOOD SHOULDERS AND GOOD LEGS.

Stand at attention, taking care that the toes are well separated and the heels together.

Place the closed fists upon the chest, as in the sketch.

This must be done slowly.

Then rise upon the toes and, as you do so, tense the muscles of the arms and shoulders, throwing out the chest to its fullest extent and forcing the shoulder blades together.

Sink slowly on to the heels again, at the same time relaxing the arm muscles, and rounding the shoulders.

The whole exercise must be done slowly, and as you rise on tiptoe all the muscles must be tensed, gradually and not spasmodically.

This should be practised after the two exercises above mentioned, as combining to some extent the same sets of muscles—those of the shoulder, calf and ankle being especially benefited.

WHAT IS MUSCLE?

FACTS THE CULTURIST SHOULD KNOW.

There seems to be a general tendency to designate muscle as "sinew" or "gristle"; such ideas are quite incorrect, however, for muscle is flesh.

Our muscles form, with the skin, the protective coating of the body, and are composed of skeins of flesh tissues, which keep our bones together, and enable them to hinge on their joints.

The muscles are attached to the bone by means of sinews or tendons, at one end to a fixed bone, at the other to a movable bone, and they are endowed with the power of contraction and extension.

The impulse upon which the muscles contract and expand is carried from the brain by means of the nerves; the brain orders a muscle to work, and the order is duly carried out.

There are two distinct classes of muscles: those which we can move when we like, which are known as the "voluntary muscles," and those which are concerned more with the organic life, known as the involuntary muscles, which, as a rule, are controlled by the will. The former furnish the machinery, so to speak, for physical exertion, and enable us to perform the every-day acts of life, such as walking, lifting, breathing, and speaking; they act upon the impulse of the will. The latter serve the purpose of organic life, and have important functions as aids to digestion, circulation, and so on. These can only be made to act by the application of some special kind of stimulus.

Take, for instance, the muscles which cause the eye to contract. When a very brilliant light falls upon the eye, the pupil at once diminishes in size; this action is, of course, involuntary.

So with the very fine muscles of the blood vessels. Blushing and turning pale are induced in the one case by the expansion of the fibres of the blood vessels, and in the other case by their contraction.

The voluntary muscles have a peculiarity in connection with their powers of expanding and contracting, for they are, for the most part, so arranged as to oppose each other, one set pulling in one direction and the other set pulling in the other.

We notice this contrariety of action when we bend or straighten out the arm, or open and close the hand. The muscles of the head, the back, and the legs act in a similar way, there being for every motion in one direction a counter-motion in another.

The sinews or tendons of muscles, which are composed of tough, fibrous tissue, enable the muscle to get a better hold of the bone. Such sinews we see on the back of our hands when we move our fingers, or on the front of our wrists.

It is impossible here to deal with the functions of all the muscles, for there are at least five hundred, but when it is mentioned that our muscles form two-thirds of the bulk of our body, it makes us, or ought to make us, realise how essential systematic physical exercise is to keep us healthy.

Exercise produces animal heat through the contraction of the muscles, which increases the functional activity of the whole body. This calls for greater supplies of oxygen, and thus enriches the blood.

Again, the keeping of the pores in order is a very important factor towards health, and here again the benefits of exercise cannot be denied. For if we do not perspire freely and bathe frequently, we leave the discharging of impure matter to other outlets, such as the kidneys, thereby doubling their work and causing kidney disorders, which produce skin troubles. This and many other instances all go to show that exercise is essential for our health. Exercise your body as well as your brain, for they work together, but don't exercise one at the expense of the other. We live in an age when the man of brain triumphs over the man of muscle, but to be a man of brain you must have a healthy body.

C. F. UPTON.

PLAYING THE GAME.

A THING THE SPORTSMAN ALWAYS DOES.

One is often exhorted in a vague sort of way to "play the game," yet few people could explain exactly what the phrase means.

Fewer still, however, are entirely free from the feeling that they have not in every case played quite good cricket as the game ought to be played. I suppose it is largely a matter of conscience, which is at best a most uncomfortable companion.

Given any particular action, whether our own or someone else's, we can usually form a pretty clear idea of whether we or he were "playing the game" or not. Yet if we were called upon to give the reason we should often be very hard put to it.

The phrase applies to every sphere and department of life, and its converse, which is just as difficult to define, is generally known as "sharp practice." We are accustomed to find the latter most commonly in business transactions.

Some men seem to suppose that the old adage "All's fair in love and war" can be extended to include business, too. This is true especially of American business methods, where the motto, instead of being "Do as you would be done by," has become "Do or you will be done for."

The man who acts on such a principle is no true gentleman, whatever he may be out of business hours.

Unfortunately this spirit has become all too prevalent among the newer firms even in Britain to-day, but—thank Heaven!—we have still a majority of the more old-fashioned ones, whose dealings are always straight, and who nevertheless manage to hold their own against the underhand methods of their less scrupulous contemporaries.

Then there is another type of man whose underhand dealings are of such a petty nature that he has come from habit to think that they are pardonable.

He is the sort of man who would habitually travel first-class with a third-class ticket, because he knows the chances are ten to one against his being found out, and because he thinks that a corporate body like a railway company is always fair game.

He would probably hesitate to swindle an individual out of the few pence or shillings which constitute the difference in the fare, but he says to himself, "The railway company tries to make all it can out of me; why shouldn't I try to get some of my own back?"

It is a poor argument, but I have heard it put forward in all seriousness by men who were otherwise honest.

It is a curious fact, but perfectly true, that it is usually when he is engaged in some sport or other that there is least doubt about a man's "playing the game."

Bad sportsmanship is common enough on the moors—the shooting of driven birds is an instance—but it is rarer in games.

Perhaps it is because the man who plays games at all is at heart a sportsman, and therefore, if he is a true sportsman, a lover of fair play. His game may be football, or dominoes, or chess, but whether it be an outdoor or an indoor one, there seems a kind of sacrilege in wilfully cheating in the hope that his opponent will not notice it.

There are, of course, exceptions, but these are usually influenced by extreme temptation, especially where money is concerned.

What a shame that money ever should be mixed up with a game! As if we had not enough of money in everyday life, without bringing it into our sports!

But that is not my subject here. My point is that, except for the man whose one object is to make money, the "sportsman" who plays meanly, even to gain the most coveted prize, or the colours which are his one aim, is extremely rare.

The charlatan and trickster may boast of his modernity, but the modern man "plays the game."

HAROLD JEFFREYS.

SPORTING STORIES

THE TESTIMONIAL.

"Shentlemen," said the silk-hatted, Jewish-nosed person who ran an auctioneer's business in a shop that was about to be pulled down, "these bicycles are my own particular brand. S'elp me, you can't get better."

"That you can't," called a man at the back of the crowd, as he poised himself uneasily with a crutch and walking stick

The auctioneer rather wondered at the interruption, for he did not happen to have an accomplice in the crowd at that moment, and an unsolicited testimonial was a thing entirely unknown in his experience, but he determined to make the most of it.

"Ah!" he cried in admiration. "There's a judge for you! Now would you mind telling me, sir, whose bicycles you have compared with mine?"

"I don't know that I've compared them with any others," replied the invalid in a weak voice, "but when you said I couldn't get better I felt you were speaking the truth. A fortnight ago I bought one of your bicycles and rode it home, and I'm not certain that I ever will get better."

And so the auctioneer dropped the subject of bicycles for a little and turned his attention to alarm clocks.

BLISS.

"Hullo, Jim!" said his boss on the Monday morning. "Got over your marriage?"

"Yes, sir."

"Pity you didn't wait till Easter, so that you could have got off for a few days' honeymoon."

"Oh, but we had our little honeymoon. We went to the football match, sir. It was a grand game. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds."

"But surely your wife couldn't have enjoyed that much!"

"I should just think she did. The referee gave the match against the home team, and my Mary got a beautiful swipe at him with her umbrella. She enjoyed the honeymoon much better than I did."

RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.

Mr. Menycoigns had bought the village of Slopton-cum-Slush, its land, its houses and the people who therein dwelt.

One day, as he passed down the village street, he beheld a cottage covered with that beautiful creeper so beloved of earwigs. The wooden fence in front of the garden had just been painted a verdant green, and its decoration had cost him seven-and-sixpence. Let it be understood that he was not pandering to the aesthetic temperament of himself or his tenants. He had merely invested the seven-and-six, for he purposed raising the rent £2 a year because of the greenness of the paling.

While he gazed upon the cottage and smiled at the ingenuity of his scheme, there approached a little boy, who presently paused before the gate.

"Please, sir," said the little boy, apparently unaware of the new squire's identity, "please, sir, would you kindly open this gate?"

Mr. Menycoigns did so, and, as the little boy passed through, he asked why he had not opened the gate for himself.

"Because that green paint isn't dry yet," said the little boy. "Look at your hands."

THE OLD HUNTER.

A SKETCH.

Hollow above the eyes, sunken backed, droopy-lipped stands the old hunter up to his hocks in clean wheat straw, his rack filled with sweet meadow hay, his manger with corn untouched.

His ears erect and strained, he is shivering, but he is not cold or ill; he is only excited by that great longing all hunters have when they hear the hounds or horn and cannot get to them.

He has heard both, for the hounds have just gone full cry across the field in front of his box, not a quarter of an hour ago.

Oh, how he wants to be with them! How he yearns to lead the best man on the best horse there over a big jump, or leave him on the taking off side vanquished and heartsick, as he used to do when he was in his prime—and it is not so many years ago.

He stamps round and round his box, paws the straw, whinnies, neighs, but the hounds will not come to him, and he cannot go to them.

And then he stands quite still.

His ears fall back, limply. His eyelids half-close.

He is dreaming—thinking of the last great run he had.

Now he is rising again to that terrific fence.

Why should the take-off be so spongy? Why had he not guessed that it would be, after all the rain? Why had his rider not steadied him, if he observed the danger?

But it was too late to stop. Up he went, but his spring was not great enough, and he caught the top rail full and square with his knees.

It was a disaster in more senses than one.

It cracked him up, for he could not stand a fall like a young 'un; and it lost him his master's confidence, for he also was hurt badly.

Since that day the old hunter has not been taken out. He still feels fit, for the accident did not break his spirit. But his owner, who controls his destiny, thinks otherwise, and has relegated him to a life of idleness.

Even this enforced inactivity was not so bad till lately. Before, he could have a canter round the field on his own, and the air smelt as sweet as it used to do, but now he is ailing.

His food does not seem worth while eating, and except when he is excited by the sound of horn or hound, he is scarcely aware of being alive.

Night falls. All is still. Nature is sleeping. But the night has no rest for him; it is full of sounds—sounds of the view holloa when the fox breaks cover, sounds of the worry when the fox is broken up after the death.

All night he spends in this wakeful nightmare, till at last morning dawns.

Footsteps break the silence, and a groom comes into the box, pats the worried and half crazed head, and steps over to the untouched corn in the manger.

Then he goes back to the hall to see his master.

He is gone some time, and when he comes out he looks far from happy, for he is fond of the old hunter.

He remembers the horse he was in the days that are now long past.

Later on a halter is placed upon the hunter's head, and he is led out to the far end of his field in front of the box.

A strange-looking cart stands close by, and he wonders what it is for.

It is a red one, and has rope on it, and a man beside it is holding a thick stick.

But up go the old hunter's ears again; he thinks he hears the merry horn once more, and the stick and cart are forgotten.

Then he hears and feels a bang. A short, biting pain stings through and through his brain. Down he drops on his knees. Blood runs down his white forehead, and over his velvety muzzle, and he sinks quietly to the ground.

All is sadness at the hall that night. But at the kennels there is great rejoicing, for the hounds have had a banquet, and are now sleeping off its effects.

G. S. THOMAS.

It's Your Paragraph we Want.

RIDING FOR A LIVING.

Is a jockey's life worth living? Well, I must confess I find it so, but it certainly does not consist in just sitting on a horse, and winning fame and fortune.

The would-be jockey must serve a long and hard apprenticeship, and there is no guarantee that at the end of it he will ever emerge from obscurity.

Then he must at all times be prepared to exercise great self-denial. Indeed, a successful jockey must be a man of strong character, for any weakness of the flesh is absolutely fatal to his career.

The work is hard, for beside race-riding he has to do a lot of trail-riding, and then he has a lot of wearisome travelling. In racing itself there are many discomforts. Sitting on a restive horse, for example, in a biting wind or pouring rain for half an hour at the starting gate, and there are, of course, many real risks of loss of life or serious injury.

Moreover, except for the favoured few, the rewards are by no means great, considering the exacting nature of the work and the skill and knowledge required of the performer.

On the other hand, the life is healthy, out-of-doors, full of glorious excitements.

Above all, even if a man is a "heavenborn" jockey, gifted with perfect "hands," and all the other essential qualities, physical and mental, I have mentioned, he will never succeed unless in the first place his heart is in his work, and, in the next place, he is master of himself.

And the man who loves his work for its own sake, and has mastered self is always a happy man.

HALF THOUGHTS.

Some time or another you must have experienced that strange freak of the mind which may be called a half thought. You visit a place for the first time, and you have a kind of feeling that you have seen that place before, although you know that you have never really done so.

The explanation is this: Every minute of our lives we are forming scores of mental impressions, some conscious, some unconscious. You see a picture of a street in a magazine and read the inscription beneath it. The impression is thereby made complete; you have learnt the name of the street and the town in which it is located. The chances are that you will remember having seen that picture.

On the other hand, you may glance in a newsagent's window and see half-a-dozen rows of picture-postcards. One of them also represents a street, but you did not observe the name of it and scarcely noticed the card at all. Nevertheless some recollection of it will remain in your mind as an unconscious impression.

Then comes your visit to a distant town, and you feel that the high street is familiar to you. It was depicted on that post-card which you have forgotten, hence you cannot trace the source of the recollection, and begin to form strange fancies and to wonder whether you have ever lived before.

GETTING INFORMATION.

There is quite an art in finding out how to set about a thing. One so often finds a young fellow, who wants to join some club, or to get into some line of business, simply sitting down and doing nothing because he doesn't know how to start.

The dweller in a town where there is a public library has, of course, a great advantage, for he has almost all of the many useful reference books and directories to his hand.

But there are in most cases human directories, who are not only able and willing to give advice and information, but whose business it is to do so.

Say you want to join some athletic club, and you have no friends who can put you in the way of doing so. A polite request (accompanied of course by a stamped and addressed envelope) to the editor of the local paper will procure you the name and address of the secretary, who, if he is keen on his work, will be only too glad to help you.

Or you may want to join the Territorials, and not know to whom to apply. The best person is undoubtedly a man who is already a member of the corps you fancy, for he can put you up to various tips from inside knowledge, besides giving you the name and address of the Sergeant-Instructor.

Failing this, however, you can learn from anyone—the ever obliging "bobby," for instance—the whereabouts of the drill hall, where the Sergeant in charge will furnish you with all the information you require, or give you the papers to fill in on the spot.

If these things are worth doing at all, they are worth taking a little trouble over. You can't expect the various officials to come to you.

CURES FOR STAMMERING.

There was a time when an "impediment in one's speech" was considered an incurable affliction, but all that is past now and there are thousands of men speaking perfectly clearly to-day, who stammered violently as boys or youngsters.

There are many specialists who have devoted their energies entirely to the cure of stammering, but unless the trouble is of a very serious nature, the sufferer can usually cure himself.

Reading aloud, either to yourself or to someone who is prepared to pull you up when you go too quickly, is a very good remedy.

The cause of the stammer is very often merely the fact that you talk too fast, and if you can only stop and count three before speaking, you will usually be able to eliminate the preliminary burble.

I have known stammerers, however, make capital out of their affliction, for a slight stammer often adds greatly to the point of an epigram.

Charles Lamb was a famous instance of a man who cultivated a stammer before delivering the point of his jokes or repartees, and one of the best conversationalists I have known traded on a slight stammer, for he had a quaint knack of pulling up short at a word and suddenly changing it to something else.

An old-fashioned cure is to practise speaking with a pebble in your mouth. This may be efficacious, but is certainly dangerous, for you are very liable to swallow the pebble. Better experiment with a "brandy ball," which will melt.

YOU WANT A GUINEA.

We will give it you if you send in the best paragraph in any one week.

If your paragraph needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best, and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. Edwin Heatley, 16, Victoria Street, Bordesley Green, Birmingham, for "Running by Moonlight."

A USEFUL BOOKSHELF.

There are few things which ornament a wall better than a neat bookshelf filled with books. It breaks the monotony which is almost inevitable where a room is decorated with nothing but pictures in square frames.

Books ought to be displayed where they can be seen, and not hidden away in a corner. I confess that a man's books are among the first things I look at on entering his room. They may be a miscellaneous collection, perhaps not beautifully bound, or very high in the scale of literature, but they form a better index to a man's tastes and character than anything else.

A good bookshelf is often an expensive thing to buy, but you can make a very serviceable hanging one for yourself as follows.

Get three pieces of well-planed ½ inch board about three feet long and eight, seven and six inches wide respectively. With a few yards of stout picture-cord, preferably of a dark colour, you have then all the materials.

At each end of each board drill two small holes, about an inch from the sides.

Then pass one piece of cord downwards through the holes in the back of the three boards and another through those in the front, knotting it evenly under each shelf, and having, of course, the narrowest one at the top.

The length of the cord can be regulated to suit your books, but nine, eight and seven inches will be a good depth for the shelves.

The two loops of unbroken cord left at the top may then be used to hang the shelves from the wall, when they are stained and ready for use.

RUNNING BY MOONLIGHT.

Given a night lit by a well-developed moon, when the air has a slight tinge of frost, a run across country would be hard to beat as a healthgiving and pleasurable exercise.

First of all choose a night, say, any time within a week previous to a full moon, or within two or three days afterwards, jump into your running togs and don a sweater as an extra precaution against cold, and get into the country.

The glorious uncertainty of where you are going, and how far, is one of the greatest attractions of the night. Out in the fields with body all aglow you soon begin to realise what a comfort it is to get away from the noise and hubbub of the city, and above all you know you are breathing pure and refreshing country air.

You actually find pleasure in crossing a ploughed field which stay-at-homes would call hard work, whereas it is splendid physical exercise, calling into play pluck and staying power.

A village at length is reached, and the lusty way the youngsters cheer, shout, and throw their caps as you pass, puts new life into you, and on you go thoroughly refreshed.

THE H.A.C.

Although not even a regular part of the Territorial Army, the Honourable Artillery Company is probably one of the most famous corps in the kingdom.

Dating back centuries—John Milton was once in its ranks, and kings have been its Captains-general—it is nevertheless more thoroughly up to date than any other auxiliary artillery.

Every man starts on the lowest rung of the ladder, and nothing but keenness and a sound knowledge of his work can raise a man to the commissioned ranks.

The London headquarters at Armoury House, Finsbury, are a veritable club house, with six acres of ground, which are utilised for cricket, football, hockey and various outdoor sports, while on the social side, with smoking concerts, dances and theatricals the H.A.C. is as good a club as any in London.

But the corps is not merely "playing at soldiers," as so many appear to think that the auxiliary forces are. It is very little behind the regulars in smartness and efficiency, and besides the drivers and gunners there is an infantry company, which plays a no less useful part, and shares with the artillery proper the traditions of the corps.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

KERNAHAN AT THE TELEPHONE

I.

Trooper Archibald Harris Kernahan, of the King's Own Blankshire Yeomanry, was a man who, unlike the British Army, did not forget his little reverses—especially when they indirectly affected the regiment itself. It had become a point of honour with him to "wipe something off the slate"—the score, in fact, that he held against the Brermouth Cyclists and against his friend Lance-Sergeant Gibson, of that renowned corps.

On a certain eventful field day far back in the spring manœuvres, the "King's Own," in mimic warfare, had successfully defended the eastern coast of Blankshire against the assault of the invaders, in the persons of the Sixth Battalion of the Blankshires and their Cyclist Corps.

But, incidentally, the Cyclists, who were the hated rivals of the "B" Squadron in the town of Brermouth, which formed their joint headquarters, had played it low down on Trooper Kernahan. It has been written how they spirited that gentleman out of the Yeomanry's lines in the dead of night and sent him back in the morning garbed in the uniform of the Cyclists.

The assembled "B" Squadron had laughed grimly at that joke, in which they had perceived but little humour at the time, but the sorry jest had rankled in their minds, and they were conscious that, temporarily, they were a point behind in the game with the "Brermouth Cat-shooters"—a state of affairs quite unbearable to "B" Squadron, and especially to Trooper Kernahan.

Added to this, Lance-Sergeant Gibson had drawn a life-like demoniacal caricature of Kernahan in the yellow and blue uniform bestriding a horse whose knees had a tendency to touch the ground, and who also lacked an ear—presumably sliced off by Kernahan's jagged drawn sword.

This work of art adorned the billiard-room at the Territorials' Drill Hall. Strangely enough it was only the "B" Squadron men who failed to see any humour in the thing.

It was Trooper Robert Stephen, of signalling fame, who one autumn afternoon surprised Kernahan with the announcement that he had a scheme for fairly landing the Cyclists on the proverbial toast. They were seated in the lounge of the Meteor Hotel, where Robert Stephen was popularly supposed to superintend affairs for the bloated local management. Kernahan looked up interestedly and bade his friend spin it out.

Judging from the fact that Kernahan nodded his head from time to time and, at the finish, enthusiastically thumped the broad shoulders of Trooper Robert Stephen, it would seem that Stephen's suggestions met with his unqualified approval.

It was not until half-an-hour later that, in full riding-out order, they were smartly trotting through the streets of Brermouth, and that afternoon the brow of Sergeant-Major Brighton was clouded, and his tongue spared not those sluggards who turned up late for the Mounted Drill on the wind-swept undulating Downs beyond Brermouth. Our two particular friends disdained to invent any excuse, for were not their consciences clear, inasmuch as they had devoted that half-hour entirely to the vindication of the honour of the "King's Own"?

II.

Now the Brermouth Cyclists were a corps of full-blooded, keen young men, singularly favoured by fortune.

Their Lance-Sergeant was the best shot in the Sixth Battalion, and a first year man in their ranks usually annexed the Battalion Recruit's Prize—which was hardly to be wondered at, seeing that the enthusiastic "old" members, when they spotted a likely useful novice, would drag him out of his bed on bright summer mornings, and haul him off to practise at the rifle butts ere the smell of breakfast was pervading the streets of Brermouth.

Now the attitude of a noble Roman towards the plebs, and the arrogance of a 'Varsity undergraduate towards a "townee" are things fearsome to contemplate, but nothing in this world could exceed the contempt in which the Brermouth Cyclists held the members of the "A" and "C" Companies of Infantry attached to the Sixth Battalion.

"A" and "C" Companies, naturally resenting this treatment, were perpetually animated by an *esprit de corps*, which would have brought joy to the heart of the Minister for War, and their one desire was to beat the Cyclists in fair shooting, or other open competition.

The Cyclists prided themselves on their smartness and also upon the dispatch and efficiency with which they accomplished all things. Lance-Sergeant Gibson, who had 50 per cent. more influence than their sportsmanlike captain, had impressed upon all Cyclists, singly and collectively, that it was their sacred duty to retain for ever the Adjutant's Cup which they had won for two years in succession, by showing the highest percentage on the Battalion surprise parades. To save the hair of their valued Lance-Sergeant from turning grey, the Cyclists as a body had reduced their tactics on these occasions to a system.

Now a certain officer of the regular Artillery, stationed at the Brermouth Barracks, frequently extended his hospitality for the evening, and his advice, to several Territorial officers, and consequently enjoyed much of their confidence. This Lieutenant Cranborough much admired the Brermouth Cyclists, and especially the keenness of Lance-Sergeant Gibson, to whom he was by no means averse to imparting a little private and valuable information bearing on forthcoming surprise parades.

Therefore when a certain Mr. Ernest Griggs, who held the rank of corporal in the Cyclists, was called to the telephone that afternoon he was surprised to hear:

"I'm Lieutenant Cranborough—at the Barracks. Are you Mr. Griggs?"

"Yes. I've heard of you, sir!" said Mr. Griggs excitedly. "What is it?"

"Well—er—I've just tried to get through to Gibson, but he's not about—beastly nuisance. Can you hear distinctly?"

The sound as of a man clearing his throat came echoing metallically down the 'phone, and rasped the auricular organ of Mr. Ernest Griggs.

"Yes, quite plainly, sir," he replied, nervously clutching the receiver yet tighter.

"I happen to know there's to be a surprise call to-night——"

"What time, sir?" The methodical Mr. Griggs prepared to take notes on the much pencilled wall by the telephone apparatus.

"Bugles sound at seven-thirty," came the reply, "which means that all to be counted in the percentage must be on parade at the Drill Hall by eight-fifteen, doesn't it? It's now three-fifteen, so——"

"Yes, thanks very much—thanks." The corporal's tone betrayed an anxiety to get away and proceed, according to the Cyclists' system, with the duty of warning his comrades.

"Hold on a shade, Mr. Griggs, I say! Are you there?"

"Yes, sir. Sorry—I thought you'd finished."

"Don't be in such a dooce of a hurry. There's loads of time, man. I was going to tell you that old General Bangor-Cartwright is quartered here—motored over this afternoon. Between you and me, Mr. Griggs, he's inspectin' the Battalion on parade to-night, and—well, there's no doubt that he will not allow the smartness of—er—two certain non-commissioned officers, the lance-sergeant and perhaps a corporal, to go unrecognised—if they are *extra* smart. Do you follow me?"

"Certainly. Thanks very much," said Mr. Griggs warmly.

"Well, ta-ta. Good luck!"

In the trimly kept office of the Meteor Hotel, Trooper Kernahan slammed down the receiver. Trooper Stephen had collapsed in a fat armchair, the shaking of his sides threatening to burst his brown leather belt.

"He's taken in every word!" exclaimed Kernahan, mopping his brow as tears of mirth streamed down his cheeks. "I couldn't have kept up the noble Lieutenant's dulcet tones another minute. What a crow for good old 'B' Squadron!"

"They'll turn out," Stephen went on, "smartened up to meet a Gawd-Almighty General—who won't be there. Just think of it!"

Kernahan did think of it, and a sudden seriousness overspread his countenance.

"If the moustache I used in 'The Yeomen of the Guard' is still as life-like, and my father's old military cloak is not too dingy—they shall have their General Bangor-Cartwright, Bob!" he exclaimed.

* * * * * * *

They answered no word to the rebukes of Sergeant-Major Brighton, who could not understand the meaning of the perpetual splutterings which broke on the seriousness that should attend all mounted drills.

As Kernahan rode beside his friend Trooper Stephen after the "dismiss," they encountered in the principal street of Brermouth Lance-Sergeant Gibson in mufti, mounted on his bicycle, with beads of sweat pouring from his brow. A slight congestion of traffic brought them up to him.

"Hullo, Charles!" exclaimed Kernahan. "You look rather worried, old boy."

"Yes, I am. We've got a confounded surprise parade on to-night. Just happened luckily to hear of it from Cranborough, so I've been all round warning the chaps. It's been dooced hot work, but I think we shall properly walk 'A' and 'C' for the Adjutant's Cup. By the way, have you ever heard of General Bangor-Cartwright?"

"That must be the peppery old brute who was so particularly offensive to us at the mounted drill this afternoon, eh, Kernahan?" asked Trooper Stephen, innocently.

"Yes. Regular old fire-eater, Charles," said Kernahan gravely.

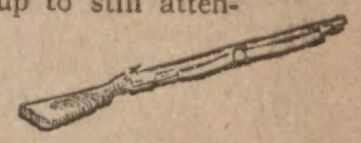
"Just our luck; he's inspecting our crowd to-night," said Gibson wearily as he pedalled away.

III.

"Well, where the devil are your officers, sir? That's what I want to know. And why has no one but the Cyclist Corps turned out?"

Lance-Sergeant Gibson had saluted on the pompous approach of the heavily cloaked, turn-up-collared and much moustached General Bangor-Cartwright, who was accompanied by a guard of honour consisting of a dozen Yeomen in full splendour of review order.

Charles Douglas Gibson, who felt not a little proud of his company drawn up to stiff atten-



tion from the salute, explained that although the Cyclists were mostly present, the members of "A" and "C" Companies were not distinguished for forming up much before the official time limit—and there was a quarter of an hour to run yet.

"Then what the blazes is the use of my turning up to time," exclaimed General Bangor-Cartwright hotly, "if these confounded foot-slogging loafers are to keep me cooling my heels like this?"

The Lance-Sergeant's only answer was a smile of satisfaction, which might have been a reflection of the broad grin on the faces of his men.

The General turned and conversed with the attendant Yeomen, who appeared exceptionally deferential. The Cyclists began to fidget in the ranks, in spite of the warning glances of their section-commander.

Still no sign of the missing companies. The waiting Cyclists began to wonder what had happened to them, for they did not usually omit to appear altogether.

The General, however, whose features were half obscured by a peak cap that seemed to fill the office of a candle-snuffer, appeared to detest inaction.

"You look an intelligent young man," he said patronisingly. "Just put that collection of Militia broom-stealers through their facings!"

The Lance-Sergeant, marking the General down mentally as most eccentric, cleared his throat.

"'Tention. Right dress!" Gibson shouted, and the sound of his voice gave him confidence. The company was formed into fours, faced about, flung back into line, and sent wheeling round the hall, until the General expressed himself thoroughly satisfied.

Expressing his heartfelt disgust at the absence of the officers, the General said there remained but one thing for him to do—to hand to their most capable Sergeant Gibson that which the captain should have been there to receive. (The listeners, with one accord, gasped.) He personally was sick of the whole farce.

With these remarks he handed a red-tape-tied document to Lance-Sergeant Gibson.

"Read this aloud, Sergeant," he commanded.

Gibson gravely accepted the official looking paper, and read thereon in letters of red ink:

"The Brynhilton Camp incident is now repaid in full. Signed: A. H. Kernahan, Trooper."

He threw the document on the floor, and swiftly knocked the over-sized peak cap from the General's head. The moustache dropped off, revealing the laughing features of Trooper Kernahan, of the King's Own.

A roar of anger, which almost immediately changed into uncontrollable laughter, broke from the ranks of the Cyclists, as Kernahan made a stage bow to his friend and military rival, Gibson.

"Fall out there, men!" Corporal Griggs cried to the company, who seemed rooted to the spot, for lack of the relieving word of command. "Old Kernahan has done us absolutely brown this time!"

"And good luck to him!" shouted someone as the ranks split up amid much laughter.

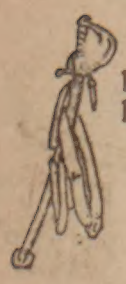
Then Lance-Sergeant Gibson crossed over to the Trooper, who was mopping his brow.

"Bravo, old man!" he said fervently. "I think it was darned smart. What say you fellows?" He turned to the Cyclists, who were crowding round the little knot of Yeomen.

Somebody grasped what was really wanted and struck up the required note. An enthusiastic crowd broke into yelling as at a Battalion "smoker"—

"For he's a jolly good fellow,
He's a jolly good fellow,
He's a jolly good f'-hell-ow—
And so say all of us!
With a hip-hip hip——"

Uproarious cheers shook the rafters as they bore the amazing Trooper Kernahan shoulder high thrice round the Drill Hall.



SMARTNESS

MILITARY AND CIVILIAN.

SHOWING IN WHAT LIES THE SOLDIER'S SUPERIORITY.

I live in a garrison town in the south of England, and in our local barracks there is always stationed a regiment of cavalry.

It has often struck me very forcibly that, try to dress as smartly as I will, I cannot make myself look as trim and well-groomed as one of these cavalrymen, and until quite recently I could not understand why.

When it first dawned on me that their smartness was so vastly superior to my own, I thought it was due to their uniforms being made of, and ornamented with, bright colours; accordingly, I bought for myself a suit of light and rather brilliant blue, and had it cut in the smartest of smart civilian style, hoping thus to compare favourably with the soldier, but much to my chagrin I was still forced to recognise my inferiority.

I have now made a very good chum in an Hussar regiment, and while chatting with him one evening I broached the subject to him, and asked him frankly to tell me the reason why he invariably looked so much smarter than myself.

Like the good sort he was, he first scoffed the idea modestly, but afterwards, with a little persuasion, owned to the truth of my statement, and his reply was this:

"First," he said, "you civilians seldom trouble to cultivate your figures. We, as soldiers, have an immediate advantage over you in this respect, owing to our drill. A cavalryman is generally tall, always broad chested, and muscular, though lean about the flanks; these things are the chief necessities for the man who wants to be smart.

"Then again, a civilian seldom troubles to hold himself upright, either when walking, sitting, or standing still. A man who slouches along will spoil the effect of the smartest uniform or clothes on earth.

"Now to come to your clothes, how often do you have them made to fit to what figure you have? Quite nineteen out of twenty of you civilians have your clothes cut on the loose 'sac' principle, instead of having them cut fairly tight-fitting.

"Your trousers, too, are cut wide, whereas ours fit our legs closely, and are strapped down over a Wellington boot. Your laced or buttoned boots can never compare with a smartly made Wellington, for a military Wellington has a higher heel than an ordinary boot, thus giving the effect of a higher instep, and, besides this, the instep is made higher in order to facilitate getting the foot in and out of the boot.

"Our spurs, too, help our smartness considerably, as they brighten up that usually dull portion of a man's attire, but that, of course, you can't copy."

For my part, I have adopted my friend's hints so far as possible, I have improved my figure by physical culture, and have had my suits made to fit as closely as fashion allows. But even so the result is not wholly satisfactory. Some day I shall enlist in a cavalry regiment, and in its uniform I shall at last be happy, for—if I must admit it—I am a bit of a dandy at heart.

E. RIDLEY.

"CARRYING CORN."

HOW A MAN GETS "ABOVE HIMSELF."

When you see a man accept defeat in any form of contest and, with a smiling face, go up to his conqueror, shake him by the hand and congratulate him on his victory, you may as a rule put down such a man as a good fellow and a good sportsman.

But not always. The very man who would accept defeat with a good grace may be quite intolerable when success falls to his share. As the saying goes in sporting circles, he cannot "carry corn."

Adversity will often discover the "yellow streak" in a man, but I think prosperity, especially sudden prosperity, or success will do so still more certainly.

I daresay many of us who are not overburdened with wealth dream of suddenly coming into a fortune. It is an event from which we might well pray to be saved. Strong indeed must be the character of the man who can bear a sudden transition from poverty, or comparative poverty, to affluence without losing his head.

More often than not, in such a case, the lucky man abandons his former simple habits, cuts his old friends, plunges into every form of extravagance and excess, and, in general terms, makes a blatant ass of himself. He cannot "carry corn."

Then there is the type of man whose character undergoes a great change for the worse when from being a subordinate he finds himself a master.

I know a man who from small beginnings with a firm worked his way up to the managing directorship. As a subordinate he had been a most likable fellow; as a boss he was simply intolerable, arrogant, bullying and rude to his inferiors. Moreover, he neglected his work, and seemed to think he could do as he liked. Naturally, he came to grief. He could not "carry corn."

Sometimes the inability to "carry corn" reveals itself in colossal conceit following on success. When a horse cannot "carry corn" it gets "above itself," and its digestive apparatus is upset. The human who gets an overdose of "corn" may preserve his digestion, but his head swells alarmingly.

Actors, authors, artistic people of all kinds are very liable to swelled head because the artistic temperament or character is usually ill-balanced, and easily upset.

To a man who has to work for his living and who cannot "carry corn," a great success, more especially when it comes early in his carcer, may be a positive disaster.

On the tombstones of many a fallen star driven by loss of popular favour to drink, despair, suicide, there might well be engraven: "He could not 'carry corn.'"

There are sterner things in life, however, than play-acting, and many a fighting man has met defeat and disgrace because he could not "carry corn."

Napoleon lost in the end for that reason, and, to come to modern times, there were two or three instances in the Boer War of British generals—I need not mention names—who suffered from success.

Flushed with early victories, they imagined they had nothing to beat, threw prudence to the winds, and marched blindly on to ultimate disaster. They could not "carry corn."

My homily, however, is addressed mainly to young sportsmen and athletes. Learn to take a licking like a man—that is not so hard, assuming you are made of the right stuff. But, above all, learn to win like a true sportsman. That is not so easy, even for the best of us.

It is worth striving for, however. Show yourself a gentleman—gentle in victory, a man in contest, and sportsmen shall say of you: "He can 'carry corn,'" than which there is no higher praise in the sportsman's vocabulary.

OLIVER STOKES.

The Art of Talking

Well do we know the man who often speaks but never talks.
—Horace.

A perusal of our own Anglo-Saxon "Beowulf," or most of the Norse Sagas, will show you that the learning of those days spent their leisure time in drinking and boasting. The conversation was deeply egotistical, for each warrior set himself down to brag a little louder, and to lie a little more elaborately, than his companions, but their method had this merit: it was perfectly frank.

You will see the same thing in the conversation of little boys and girls to-day. The former talk of the clever things their father did, and the latter of the brilliant things their mother said.

DON'T BRAG.

In the conversation of grown-ups the same tendency is to be observed, but only by him who looks beneath the surface. The bragging is less frank, but it exists all the same, and that is why present day conversation is such a deadly dull thing.

If a man started off by saying "I am absolutely the greatest person on earth, and if any man dares to contradict my assertion, I shall plunge a dagger in his vile body," we should at least be entertained by his boldness, and it would be difficult to be bored in the presence of such an enterprising character.

But the modern conversationalist is more subtle. He pretends a humility he does not feel, and he conveys an impression of his greatness artfully.

He is beginning over to tell you a funny story, but when you have heard him, you discover that there is not much in it, and you wonder why he was so anxious to pour it in your ears. Recall the story as nearly as possible in the words in which it was told to you, and you will learn his object.

"That reminds me of an amusing thing that happened to me when I was at Eton," his narrative began, and it might have ended there, for the fact that he was at Eton was the only point which he really desired you to remember; the rest was patter—sugar coating for the concealment of his pill.

REFLECTED GLORY.

Englishmen in particular are guilty of a straining after a social status to which they cannot justly pretend. They refer to Sir So-and-So who was a great friend of their family at one time. Sir So-and-So So may have been the dullest person on earth, but they make him the central figure in every humorous story and anecdote in order that they may drag him in. Sometimes they do not even claim to have known a person of title, but only to have known some person who knew him well.

One of the most interesting men I know is a half-pay captain. He has travelled extensively, and has gone through many adventures, but he never recounts them as having happened to himself, but always as having been the experience of some friend of his.

In this way he entertains his hearers with his anecdotes, but does not arouse their antagonism by pretending to any personal kudos in the matter. I believe that his immediate success as a conversationalist lies almost wholly in this.

That there is an antagonism to the bragging element in talk, can readily be proved by listening closely to an average conversation. "He is a funny old man," says the speaker, "and he reminds me very much of the Duke of Mudshire, who was at one time a neighbour of ours."

"Really?" replies his hearer. "That's funny now, for I was just going to say that he had much in common with my uncle Sir John Sawyer, the famous surgeon."

And so they will go on for a quarter of an hour, each trying to convince the other that he is his superior in most respects, and both failing lamentably in their endeavours. When they part, each marvels at the dullness of his companion, and sets him down as the greatest of bores.

Next to brag, the thing most to be avoided is argument. The best subject for arguing about is politics, but it is a question on which the average man has already formed a stout opinion, which nothing beyond the inheritance of a large estate would induce him to give up. To convert him to your views by the mere exercise of eloquence is an impossibility.

It will be much more profitable for you to listen while he rides his hobby, for even though his views do not coincide with yours, you may pick up from him an odd idea here and there. To point out to him where he is wrong, is to waste breath, for on matters of politics most men follow in their father's footsteps, and are impregnable to all attack.

I suppose it must have been laid down at some time or another, that people ought not to talk shop, for I do not see how otherwise the prejudice against this innocent topic could have become so widespread. His own profession or trade is the only subject on which the average man is worth listening to, but it takes considerable ingenuity to induce him to discourse upon it.

WHY NOT TALK SHOP?

Certainly shop would make a very much more interesting topic than the three subjects about which our conversation generally centres—sport, musical comedy, or the funny story that we have heard so often before.

Sport is an excellent thing to enjoy, a good thing to read about, but a dull thing to talk of. The man who writes about sport has to make himself interesting, but the man who talks about it hampers himself with no such restriction. He just talks and his companion listens, because he is about to talk on the same matter, and expects to be listened to also.

Musical comedies are amusing to see and hear, but duller, if anything, than sport to talk about.

The stale funny story is a weariness to the flesh.

I am driven to think that silence is the best part of a conversation. When you talk you are not likely to be learning anything, nor is it probable that you are improving your friendship with the person you are talking to, for he considers that he is doing you a service in listening.

THE LISTENER LEARNS.

On the other hand by maintaining an apparently deferential silence, you can study your companion, perhaps you can learn something from what he says, certainly you will be strengthening your friendship, for every man regards a good listener not only as a person of sense but as a true friend.

The great secret of conversation is to change the topic frequently.

Don't go on hammering away at the same old subject, and, above all, don't repeat yourself. Nothing bores a man so easily as to have to sit still and have the same point dinned into him over and over again.

Never on any account allow yourself to do all the talking.

If you find you have been talking for a long time, just dry up and let your friend have an innings.

DAVID COOPER.

DOING THE GOVERNMENT.

A MILITARY SKETCH.

There are men who, while incapable of defrauding an individual, have no compunction in doing a Government.

Such a one was Colonel X., who at one time commanded a certain regimental district.

X. was a dear old chap; a courteous, gentle, high-minded gentleman in all matters between himself and his fellow men, but an unscrupulous brigand when it came to the Government, against whom he nursed a grievance.

Just what that grievance was I never quite understood, but I gathered it had something to do with the abolition of purchase, under which system X. had received his first commission.

Be that as it may, X. by some curious mental process best known to himself managed to reconcile his conscience and his feelings as a gentleman, which, I insist, he was above all things, with barefaced robbery of the State.

And now I'll tell you how it was done, premising that, being in command, X. could do pretty well as he liked.

In the first place, X. was entitled to forage allowance for a charger, provided, of course, that he kept one. X. drew forage allowance for five years, but the only time he appeared on horseback was when he made his annual inspection of the militia battalion, and on that occasion the animal was hired for the day.

Then X. was also entitled to lodging allowance, provided again of course that he lived in lodgings. X. drew the lodging allowance—I forget the amount, but it was probably three or four shillings a day—and lived in barracks, when he was there, which was seldom.

X. was entitled to so many days' leave in the year—sixty I think it was—on full pay. If he wanted more leave he could take it, but by rights he should have forfeited his command pay (this being his allowance, over and above his ordinary pay, for commanding the district) for all days he was absent over the sixty that were his legitimate due.

I should say that on an average X. took nearer three hundred than sixty days a year.

When proceeding on leave, however, it was X.'s duty to state the fact and the number of days' leave he was taking in regimental district orders, so that a check might be kept by the pay department on the number of days he took in the year.

X. hated the idea of losing his command pay, but he also had no intention of limiting himself to sixty days' leave in the year. So what did the old rascal do? Well, he just omitted to make any official record of his numerous absences on leave, over the period he was entitled to, and thus retained his full pay.

Fearfully risky, of course, for all sorts of people knew of his nefarious doings, but he was never "bowled out."

You may say he must have been a nasty, mean old man, but I assure you he was a most lovable old gentleman, and I say this despite the fact that in some of his personal habits X. was almost incredibly parsimonious.

On the very rare occasions when he favoured us with his company at mess, he wore a dickey and cuffs over his flannel shirt. I know it sounds like a fairy tale, this picture of a full colonel in His Majesty's Service wearing a dickey and cuffs in mess dress, but I assure you I am not romancing. X. would never have slept o' nights had his washing bill for a *month* ever exceeded five shillings.

Moreover, his overalls were a pair of Tommy's, drawn from store, and altered to fit more or less, while he clung to certain other articles of uniform that had been obsolete for at least thirty years.

An extraordinary man, but, I repeat, we all liked him, and not merely because he was as generous with leave to us, as he was to himself. With all his petty frauds, and undignified little personal meannesses he was a dear old gentleman, and I, for one, am glad he was never caught doing the Government. "CHINSTRAP."

THE Call of the Town.

A SKETCH.

By C. EASTON-GRAY.

The early dusk of a winter evening was closing in upon the farmstead. From within the stable-barn came the sound of jingling harness followed by the swish of tossing hay, signifying that the wants and comfort of the farm horses were being attended to, and that another day's tussle with the stiff land was over.

In the direction of the pig-field the growing chorus of grunt and whine told of the approach of five o'clock, for no living creatures know better than swine when meal time has arrived.

Now and then a squirk of anger or of pain rose above the general din as two pigs fought for a good position at the still empty trough, just as tired and hungry human creatures struggle for places in a half-penny 'bus.

Across the yard, his hob-nailed boots sounding hollow on the cobble stones, John the cowman laboured heavily with the evening milk towards the back door of the farmhouse—the front door had been fast closed these eighteen years.

As he stooped to release the brimming pails from the hooks that hung from the yoke on his shoulders, the handles fell with a loud "Clank! clank!" that resounded throughout the farmstead, and in the first stillness of evening could be heard on the high road half-a-mile away.

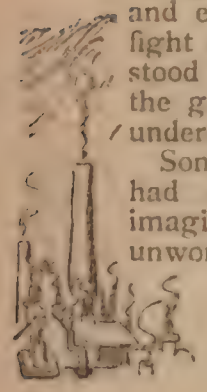
Then, placing each pailful within the kitchen door, and giving a gruff "Good-night" to all who might hear or care to answer, he turned his back on the farm and was lost in the gathering darkness.

He was quite young; a bronzed, heavy-walking countryman, well on the bright side of twenty-five.

Ever since he left the village school at thirteen-and-a-half, with all the learning that the fourth standard offered, he had worked for this same "measter," at much the same sort of task—for he took better to the kine than to the horses—and at the time we are concerned with him, earned thirteen-and-sixpence a week. He was a single man.

Reaching the high road his way lay at first up a short and steep incline which led to the summit of a low range of hills that formed the only feature of the immediate countryside. Hence there was a gentle descent into the hamlet where he had a humble lodging. For nine years, "come next Easter," in all seasons and all weather he had walked this road to and from his daily toil.

To-night, for the first time in all these unchanging years, he paused on the hill-top. Time and evolution had at last won a victory in the fight with his stolid inarticulate nature, and he stood spell-bound but outwardly unmoved, in the grip of a power he could not control or understand.



Some breath from a world beyond his ken had at length reached the embers of his imagination and was now fanning them into unwonted brightness.

The valley, into which he had so often descended with unmoved feelings, lay before him silent and in darkness; all was sombre and blurred. And had it not been for the one sign of human life and activity which had to-night absorbed his attention, he might have been standing on the verge of original chaos.

Right before him at the farthest extremity of the valley into whose black gulf he stared, there shone above the low horizon a single streak of light, reddening the clouds above it.

It was the glow of the distant city through whose gates he had yet to pass for the first time.

The glamour of the great town had taken possession of him.

Held to the spot as if fascinated by the distant glow, he was heedless of his immediate surroundings. Other labourers, older men mostly, passed him on their homeward journey, giving little heed to his presence, beyond supposing that he awaited his sweetheart.

But it was the cowman's mind and imagination that had been touched, not his heart, and as rapidly and clearly as his labour-blunted intellect could work, he was waking to a dim realisation of the uselessness of his past toil and of the hopelessness of his present state.

Of the future, too, he thought intently. If he remained where he was, in twenty years' time his reward would still be thirteen-and-sixpence a week. Did he marry—so much the harder to live.

Had he not seen the farm hands discharged in increasing numbers each year both on his own master's land and on that of neighbours? How long was he sure of his present job?

As he tried to form answers to the flood of questions that almost bewildered him, he felt the impossibility of grasping all that the new situation meant. Vaguely he yearned for something different, something with more promise in it than milking another man's cows morning and night.

He was beginning to realise in a dull sort of way that in the present condition of country affairs, no allowance had been made for the play of ambition in the labourer's life. Once a cowman always a cowman, was the one certainty at the moment.

How long he remained lost in deep thought he could not tell, but the insoluble enigma up to which his reasoning had led him seemed to break the spell of his mental isolation.

He moved towards the brow of the hill and commenced the descent.

Dark night had long since succeeded dusky twilight, and as he dropped at every step lower and lower into the valley, the far-off glow in the sky seemed to sink towards the horizon.

When almost half-way home he set his face once more towards the city and it seemed to him that the glare had grown more intense while his own surroundings had taken on a deeper gloom.

Trudging forward again, he tried, out of his own experience of the neighbouring sleepy market town and from such scattered and ill-proportioned scraps of description as he had picked up from others, to picture the life that was in progress in the streets and shops and houses whose lights, reflected in the sky, had first roused him from his false contentment.

He recollected how great an event it had been when his master had journeyed to the city; how he had returned amazed at the multitudes of people who seemed to have incessant business to attend to; how he had spoken of the signs of wealth on all hands; how none seemed poor and all were clothed in good suits; how broad the streets; how cheap the necessities of life; and how comfortably the humblest among them were housed.

Tram-cars, too, ran in the streets, carrying workmen like himself to and from their work for nearly nothing.

Surely in the city riches increased and freedom abounded; if not, why had so many people gone there?

The city was the place for him. He would join the busy crowds in the streets, share their pleasures, and earn the wages they earned.

He would be freed from the soil for ever. He would live beneath the glow that he had seen in the evening sky.

Ignorance and inexperience came to his rescue as he was about to ask himself what work he should take up. That was a question for the exercise of his own choice when he saw what the several trades had to offer. There was work for everybody and anybody in such a centre of life as the great city. And he was strong, and ready to do anything.

As he lifted the latch of the cottage door he gave full play to hope and impulse, and the tone of his greeting to the couple with whom he lodged plainly announced that there was something unusual going forward.

A week later, his wages taken, he left the village. In his anxiety to stifle the feelings of regret that would force their way into his heart, and in order to buoy himself up with hope, he almost shouted taunts and angry words at the mute fields and hedges as he tramped.

There could be no looking back; for good or ill he was bound for the town, dragged thither, did he but know it, by the same relentless attraction that had been the undoing of thousands as strong and determined as he.

* * * * * *

Police, on horseback and on foot, lined the streets of the city or passed up and down scanning the points where the crowds of spectators were densest and the possibilities of disturbance most likely.

In the narrow lane between the onlooking masses there moved a long and sinuous procession of dejected men, wending their melancholy way to one of the "lungs" of the city, where the tale of their sufferings from actual starvation was to be shouted to an indifferent world; and their demand for work enforced by the strongest verbal arguments their leaders could command.

At intervals throughout the length of the demonstration bands and banners were scattered in order to cheer and encourage them.

The legends upon the banners were eloquent of the extreme straits and the reckless despair to which the masses of hungry men had been reduced.

One of them that specially caught the eye by reason of its large white letters and bright angry red background, clamoured for "The land for the people."

John the cowman was the standard-bearer.

DOCTORS ONCE.

"I'm glad you've done so well in your practice," the writer remarked the other day to an old medical friend whom he had not seen for some years, and who now appeared to be particularly prosperous.

"Practice of what?" was the reply. "Not medicine. I dropped that three years ago. When I started I couldn't afford to buy a practice, so set myself to work one up; it was a wickedly stiff job, and I could hardly make enough to keep body and soul together. Then I began writing medical articles for a local paper.

"Too poor to buy a typewriter, I wrote them with an old-fashioned fountain pen. Then one day I lit on an improvement for these useful instruments. I patented my idea, and am living very comfortably on the royalties I get from the sale of each specimen of this particular brand of fountain pen.

"My case is not unique. You have Conan Doyle writing novels, Nansen as Norwegian ambassador, both M.D.'s who have forsaken their first love. Then there are at least half-a-dozen medical men whose time is spent exclusively in writing articles and books on health subjects. It's the hardness of the early fight for patients that makes so many doctors look elsewhere for a living."

SOME BIG GAME STORIES.

In British East Africa you can, if you are a luxurious person, recline in a comfortable carriage of the Uganda railway, and pot various wild animals from a position of safety. You might even, if you had patience, wait till a lion approached the sumptuous hotel in which you live at Nairobi, and snipe him from the top of the door steps; but the more adventurous spirits prefer to get off the beaten track.

For my own part I consider that a party of two is ideal. The more numerous party, though it helps to the pleasant passage of evenings, smacks too much of the fashionable grouse drives on the Scotch moors.

No matter how hardened you may have become by shooting big game in other parts of the world, you will on first coming to Nairobi suffer slightly from nerves. I use no harsher term.

Possibly it is wet, and as you sit by a fire that can scarcely be persuaded to burn, you hear the lions roaring away in the jungle beyond. A lion roaring a mile off seems to be quite close, and on a wet night all the lions within earshot set up a most terrific rumpus.

At such a moment you begin to feel that a seat in a London music hall costs less than big game shooting, and is considerably safer, but the feeling passes.

THE WILY WILD BEAST.

The man who is new to safari—as big game shooting is called here—finds it extremely difficult to see lions at all. As soon as the sun is up all their sense ceases, for they have learned that the white man with his gun may be around. You have to rely wholly on your eyes, and the body of a lion blends so admirably with its surroundings, that you may be within a few yards of it before you see your danger.

Such was my own plight in the case of the first lion I met. My friend had gone in another direction, and we were both intent on shooting some for the replenishment of the larder.

I had only my shot gun in my hand, and my servant was some fifty yards behind. I had kept him so in my ignorance, supposing that I should be less likely to disturb the timid birds I was after, if I went alone. He had my two rifles, and I wanted them badly now.

The lion was standing at the edge of a thicket looking at me calmly. To fire at him with a shot gun would have been useless, so I wheeled about, and bolted as fast as my feet would carry me to where the servant was stationed. I seized a rifle and wheeled about, to discover that the lion was already halfway across the open space and was rapidly making for us.

A LUCKY SHOT.

I knelt down, the better to rake him, and let him have one barrel and then the other. To my intense satisfaction, almost to my surprise, he bowled head over heels, for he must have been in the act of springing when I fired.

The adventure did not end there unhappily, for as I gazed at the fallen king, I beheld a lioness coming out of the thicket from which he had emerged.

I turned to my servant for a second rifle, but the appearance of the lioness had been too much for him, and all I saw was a pair of black heels disappearing through the long grass. The lioness was advancing steadily towards me, and I had just time to cram in one cartridge.

I missed.

I do not blush to say that I clambered up a tree with the greatest agility, for there was no time to load and fire again. She struck the bottom of the trunk just as I was out of reach. Unfortunately I had dropped my rifle in my haste, and there was nothing for it but to wait patiently, with the angry lioness walking round and round the bottom of the tree, and crossing to where her fallen lord lay and sniffing at him alternately.

Presently I had the satisfaction of hearing my friend approach, and he had the satisfaction of bagging the lioness. Under the circumstances I think I did not do so badly in catching the lion. He was my first, and I should have been sorry to miss him.

My next adventure of note was with a leopard. My friend and I had gone in different directions one morning, and when we returned to camp for the mid-day meal, he informed me that he had shot a leopard, but that it had escaped into the long grass.

He was convinced, however, by its howls that it had been hard hit, and I suggested that we should go together to follow it up. Since that time I have discovered that leopards are more liable than any other animal to turn on a man when they are wounded.

TELL-TALE TRACKS.

The track of the leopard was not very difficult to trace, for there were spots of blood here and there on the grass. At length we came to a slight dip in the ground, a kind of little valley without a stream in it, and we went along cautiously, in case the leopard should be hiding at the top of one of the banks.

We had not gone very far, when I spotted a pair of eyes glinting at us from beneath a bush at the top of the bank on our left. It was my friend's leopard, and I signed to him to have the first shot; he fired both barrels, but, as luck would have it, missed. There was no time to stand on ceremony now, he had had his chance and lost it.

I raised my rifle to my shoulder and let the brute have both bullets. I afterwards found that one struck him in the neck, and the other in the right shoulder, but neither sufficed to lay him out. Before the smoke had cleared away, he had leapt from the top of the bank and bowled me clean over. I felt the stench of him as I lay on the ground, and could even feel the hairs of his breast tickling against my chin.

NASTY SCRATCHES.

It was a critical moment, but it did not last long, for my friend promptly despatched him with his second rifle. It was lucky for me that in this case our servants did not bolt, as, if the other rifle had not been handy, I should not now be writing this.

I am glad to say that I was not bitten, for a leopard's bite is extremely difficult to heal, unless you have finer medical appliances than we had there. The scratches I got on my shoulders from his claws were bad enough.

It seems to me that big game shooting has just two faults. One is that it costs so much; the other, that it makes you dissatisfied with all other less exciting sports. Game shooting, in which I once delighted now seems an extremely tame pastime.

G. T. TURNBULL.

HONOURED BUTTONHOLES.

A little bunch of violets, such as you can get at any street corner for a penny or twopence is the favourite buttonhole of the King. When they are out of season he sometimes wears a tiny bunch of auriculas.

Lord Rosebery admires pink roses and wild primroses—the latter, possibly, on account of his family name. Either of these flowers suffices to meet his needs in regard to a buttonhole, and he likes them best without any green leaves. Rose and primrose are also his racing colours.

Someone once asked Lord Charles Beresford the name of his favourite flower. The admiral thought deeply for a moment; then he answered with all solemnity: "The cauliflower."

THE KILT.

A MANLY DRESS FOR MANLY MEN.

For reasons not quite clear to me, the kilt is usually a subject of amusement to the Saxon. The music hall comedian has only to mention the word "kilt" to provoke anticipatory roars of laughter.

I am not, however, here concerned with the Southerner's capacity for being easily amused. I merely desire to call attention to the many good points of the kilt as an article of dress.

First of all, the kilt is becoming. Not of course to everybody. A knock-kneed man in a kilt is a nightmare. A man with spindleshanks wearing the kilt is a subject for just ridicule.

But there is no dress so becoming as the kilt to a man of averagely decent build and proportions.

In the next place, the kilt is a most sensible garment. It gives the utmost freedom of movement, and it is cool in summer, warm in winter.

I know that Englishmen seeing a Highlander in winter time and in his national dress are wont to make facetious remarks about its being draughty for his knees, but as a matter of fact the knees are not at all susceptible to cold, and I have worn my kilt in the depths of a Highland winter without feeling any inconvenience.

On the other hand the kilt keeps you warm where you most need warmth, that is, round the stomach and small of the back.

People who know that eight yards of cloth go to the making of one kilt are apt to imagine that it is heavy to wear. This is not the case. You see, the weight of the kilt is borne by the hips, which are admirably adapted to the purpose of carrying weight, and so, heavy though a kilt may seem held in the hand, its weight is scarcely felt when worn.

For almost any sport or exercise the kilt is ever so much more comfortable than even the best made of breeches or knickerbockers. With the latter there is always a certain amount of tightness somewhere, but with the kilt you have absolute freedom.

In the third place the kilt is economical. True, the first cost is high. You won't get a good kilt much under £3, while for a whole dress in the tartan you may have to pay as much as £20. But then a good kilt is practically indestructible, and will wear a lifetime and still be as good as new.

That is a great point. A kilt never looks shabby, for you simply can't wear it out, and what is more it always looks smart, because it never loses its shape. A man in a kilt is always well-dressed, whether he be wearing the plain grey of the peasant, or the gorgeous tartan of the Highland chieftain.

Then a kilt is a garment you can take an honest pride in, more especially when you have the right to wear any of the great tartans.

But I would warn anyone who may think of taking my advice that a kilt requires "management."

If you don't know how to wear the kilt you will very likely when sitting down display more of your anatomy than is strictly modest.

You must not sit down as you would in ordinary clothes, or the kilt will bunch up all around you. You should sit on the kilt, and to accomplish this you slide into your seat, much after the way at which a lady sits down, and either with a touch of the hand or a waggle, the knack of which is soon acquired, you get the hinder part of the kilt evenly between you and your chair.

Having sat down, don't cross your legs, as nine out of ten Englishmen wearing the kilt for the first time invariably do.

You may cross your legs by putting one foot over the other or one knee over the other, keeping the thighs close together, but on no account place the shin of one leg over the knee of the other—at all events, if ladies are present.

Buy a kilt. It is the manliest, most comfortable, and, in the long run, most economical of garments.

COLIN MACBEAN.

The MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By SIMON LOFTUS.

"Yes?" said Mr. Lever Moss, looking up from the letters which he had finished signing.

The boy in uniform handed him a letter, but made no remark, for he had been taught not to waste his master's time by speaking the obvious.

"Sir," ran the letter, "I am an old, blind man whom you have ruined." —Mr. Moss smiled at this, for he knew that in this respect at least the writer's case was by no means unique. — "With the assistance of my daughter I have for the past ten years earned a bare living by keeping a tobacco shop in Eastcliffe. I had not taken the precaution of securing a lease, and the owner of the house turned me out six months ago, so that you might have my shop, to gut out, re-model, and establish as one of your many branches. I told you at the time that you were ruining me, but you ignored my letters.

"Since then I and my daughter have struggled hard to keep starvation at bay. She was never strong, and the combat has been too much for her. Yesterday she died.

"Will you not receive me for a moment, so that I may thank you suitably for all you have done for me?

"William Bowden."

Mr. Moss wasted no time in coming to a decision. He had dealt with similar cases before.

"Tell the man there is no reply," he said to the boy, "and don't let him come up."

Then he summoned his manager, and for the next hour discussed with him the reports that had come to headquarters from his many shops.

"Eastcliffe will be all right soon," remarked Mr. Moss when the name of that town was reached.

"All we want now is a fresh boom to keep up the interest aroused by our opening.

"Send them down a hundred of these four shilling hookahs, and let them go at a shilling each. Have a thousand solid silver cigarette holders made, with our name on them, of course, and let them go at threepence each. You'd better have an electric night sign fixed above the shop, and have the town's arms on top of it. Oh, yes, Eastcliffe will pay within the year."

As a matter of business he had made it his rule never to think of unpleasant things, and it was characteristic of him now, even while he discussed his latest branch, that the name of the blind man did not once cross his memory

It was six o'clock now, and his motor was at the office door. As he sat in it he kept a watchful eye on the shops and the people he passed. He might glean from them some hint that would help his enormous business to become still more prosperous.

He was an interesting character was Mr. Lever Moss—that is, if you looked at him from the tolerating view-point of the student of life. If you did not make any such allowance, you would merely find him rather detestable.

He had come to London many years ago, bearing the name of Levi Moses, but with that keen acumen which paid him so well, he had changed these tell-tale words to something more English.

His accent he had polished in the course of time, till there was none of the Hebrew left in it.

Only because the whites of his eyes were rather noticeable and had a brownish tinge, because his nose was a little more aquiline than most people's, and because his lips were a little more puffy, would you have suspected his nationality.

When he got home he changed his clothes, and set out for a restaurant. He believed in working hard during business hours and in enjoying himself to the utmost in the evenings, so that he could work equally hard next day.

At dinner he met some other men of the same type, equally successful, and equally anxious to add to their wealth still further. That was why they stuck together so consistently.

Each was useful to the other at times, and amongst them they could form a combination of capital that nothing could stand against.

Together they went to a music hall, and Mr. Lever Moss laughed with the best. No unpleasing thought of the old, blind man or of the dead girl obtruded itself.

Shortly before midnight he returned home, and went at once to bed. The night was windy and the trees were sighing; cabs clattered past from time to time. But these sounds did not disturb him. He had made up his mind to sleep, and sleep he did.

Somewhere before dawn he awoke suddenly, and lay there wondering what had disturbed him.

Ah, yes, it was that confounded creeper rustling in the wind. It had been planted down in the garden by the previous occupant of the house, but he himself had never seen much beauty in it. To-morrow he would have it cut down, for it was now a business enemy; it disturbed his slumbers, and that might interfere with his capacity for making money.

The rustling of the creeper stopped, and the financier went to sleep again. The man who had been climbing up from the garden towards the half open window, paused to listen.

No sound came from the house, and he was unlikely to be observed from the street, for he had waited behind the hedge till the policeman had passed by.

The millionaire's bedroom was only on the first floor, but it is not an easy thing to climb even that far if you have only a trellis and the branching stems of a creeper for a foothold, and if, moreover, you cannot see your way.

Cautiously the climber pulled himself higher, till his hands rested on the window sill. Then he raised himself till his head was above the stone, and once more he listened intently.

A moment later he was in the room, crouching against the foot of the wall, and fumbling in his coat pocket. Presently he drew out a long but narrow wooden box, and a bottle.

From the box he took a surgeon's lancet, and he rubbed the edge of it caressingly along the palm of his hand, as one might a favourite razor.

The bottle had a metal stopper, and had obviously been sold with scent at some time or another. The cap he pulled off, and sniffed at the liquid the bottle contained.

Then he crept towards the bed.

* * * * * * *

When the financier awoke for the second time that night, something was gripping his throat so that he could scarcely breathe.

He pulled his hands from beneath the blankets and tried to reach his neck, but the grip that was upon him only tightened the more.

Then he began to distinguish a face—the face of an old man—bending over him, and he knew that it was human fingers that were choking him.

The blood was surging to his head, and his senses were becoming numbed. He knew that if resistance were ever to be availing, now was the time for the supreme effort.

He grasped his assailant by the wrists and endeavoured with all his force to drag those horrible hands away, but Mr. Moss was not a physically strong man, while the aged hands that were upon him seemed to possess the power of a Hercules.

Not a fraction of an inch could he move those vice-like fingers from their determined hold.

Then the face before him grew dim, and the man of money dropped back on his pillow unconscious.

As the owner of the hands felt the muscles of his victim relax, he released the swollen throat, on which were the livid marks of fingers.

Groping to a table beside the bed, he lifted the bottle and the knife.

There was a quick movement of his hand, and a squirt of acid fell on the open though sightless eyes of the man on the bed.

Then he felt carefully round his victim's head, till his hand rested on the other's left ear.

With his thumb he felt for the cutting edge of the lancet. A moment later he rolled something in his handkerchief and stowed it in his pocket.

Then he left the room as he had entered it.

* * * * * * *

Two days later the following item appeared in a London evening paper. It was headed "Eastcliffe Mystery":—

"Our Eastcliffe correspondent telegraphs that a remarkable discovery has been made in the cemetery of that town.

"It appears that an old, blind man, named William Bowden, at one time kept a tobacconist's shop in the High-Street. The site was acquired by a London firm in the same line of business, and the old man fell on evil days.

"His daughter died on Monday and was buried yesterday. Bowden attended the funeral, and appeared to be in his usual health. This morning, however, he was discovered by the gardener lying across the grave dead. In his hand he held a human right ear.

"The police are investigating the matter, but up to the present there is no clue as to how the dead man became possessed of such a ghastly relic."

A week after this appeared, the following paragraph figured amongst the business news of the "Daily Observer":

"We learn that Mr. Lever Moss has disposed of his gigantic tobacco business to a syndicate, and that he proposes leaving this country and settling down in a secluded part of Germany as soon as his affairs have been wound up.

"Mr. Moss refuses to see anyone, so that it is difficult to learn his purpose in taking this step, but there is a rumour in the City that it is due to his having lost his eyesight in an accident."

CIGARETTE CASES.

It is the ambition of every boy to possess a cigarette case and, by arduous saving, he generally succeeds in collecting enough to purchase one which is too good to throw away in later years, though not quite so good as a man would like to possess.

His taste usually runs to something in green morocco, rimmed about with silver or electro-plate; when he reaches man's estate he naturally wants a silver one, and he thinks ruefully how little more added to the price of the first case would have made him the happy owner of the latter.

If you are thus the possessor of a shabby case that has survived from the years that are flown, or if you have had one foisted upon you by some well-meaning friend as a birthday present, do not bemoan your fate at having to use it. A cigarette case is not now by any means a necessity. I know many men who stint themselves of no luxury, and yet who carry their cigarettes in the pasteboard boxes supplied by the manufacturers.

One advantage of this plan is that you dispense with the weight, which is considerable of a heavy silver case—an advantage which is appreciated by those who endeavour to rid themselves of all unnecessary encumbrances when walking or other recreation.

Above all things I should hate to possess a silver plated case; gun metal would be twenty times better, and would cost less.

THE MAN AND HIS GARDEN

GARDEN SWEETNESS.

It is a pity that herbs are not as popular now as they once were. The garden that contains a fair variety of these delightful plants smells sweetly whatever wind blows. It may be argued that the herb, having no flower, is not as worthy of a place in the border as the plants that bloom. That is a matter of taste.

The effectiveness of a flower border is enhanced by an occasional clump of green foliage. Even if the border is to be reserved for flowers, a place can be found in some odd corner of the garden, behind a hedge perhaps, for the herbs are not particular, and there these old-fashioned plants will give off their perfume.

It is possible to obtain penny packets of most sweet scented herbs. Little advance has been made in the cultivation of these plants, and there is small occasion to pay a fancy price, for there are practically no novelties.

Lavender must be given a high place; balm is extremely easy to grow, as also are sweet basil and marjoram. Rosemary grows very straight and occupies little space. Thyme keeps to the ground so closely that it can be grown almost anywhere amongst other plants, without wasting any bit of room.

RUSTIC TUBS.

A rustic tub may be easily manufactured from an old butter tub, or even a square box. Cover the outside and the top edge with bark, bore a few holes in the bottom, put in a layer of stones or broken brick, and fill up with good soil. You can then grow almost anything you like in the tub.

An ordinary margarine tub, which can be got from any grocer, is the best for the purpose. Select by preference plants that do not grow too tall, and have a few creepers round the edge, which will hang over gracefully. If you raise the tub above a pedestal either of stones, the effectiveness of its appearance is enhanced.

SWEET PEA CLUMPS.

Sweet peas are beautiful when grown on a trellis or fence, but their beauty can be further enhanced with the charm of novelty, if you grow a few clumps of them either in the centre or at the corner of your lawn.

The best plan is to mark out a circle about 18 inches in diameter, and round the circumference of this plant your sweet peas from 1 inch to 2 inches apart. You may also sow just a few within the circle itself.

Nothing looks uglier than to see a number of bare pea stakes sticking out of the ground, so I should recommend that the plants be merely protected by a few pins stuck into the ground while they are a few inches in height, it will then be easy enough to put in the stakes, keeping as much as possible in a compact clump.

It is advisable to drive into the centre of the clump a fairly stout post to which the stakes may be tied with string. The post need not be more than a couple of feet above the ground, but will effectually prevent the clump from being blown over.

It must be remembered that when this becomes a bush thickly covered with leaves and flowers it offers a considerable resistance to the wind, and the protecting post is liable to be blown over.

TURNIPS AS SEED PANS.

Turnips are now being extensively used for the rearing of those delicate seedlings which will not bear transplanting. The turnip is scooped out and filled with a suitable loam, and the seeds are then introduced.

During the period of germination the turnip is kept either in a sunny window or in a greenhouse, and when the time for planting-out arrives it is simply buried in the border, flush with the surface of the ground. The turnip then rots away, and not only forms no impediment to the extension of the roots, but even furnishes the young plants with nourishment.

PESTS IN THE GARDEN.

The rapacious slug is generally dealt with by sprinkling his haunts with dry lime, soot, or chaff. The first two are supposed to kill him, and the third to retard his progress so successfully that he dies of starvation. A sprinkling of chaff over your flower beds looks extremely untidy, and slugs have even been seen crawling placidly over lumps of soot and lime, as if they rather enjoyed the experience.

To exterminate slugs keep your garden as dry as you can for a week. Constant watering helps slugs to breed, whereas in drought they die off in dozens. Instead, therefore, of using your hose pipe, water your plants, if they must be watered, with a can, wetting the ground about them as little as possible. Supplement this by hand-picking.

When darkness falls go out like a burglar with your bicycle lamp, and flash it over the borders. The wet and slimy slugs show up beautifully in the light, and you must now pick them up with your fingers, or if you are very dainty with two little sticks, and drop them in a tin. In the bottom of the tin have a sprinkling of salt, which kills them at once.

Shell snails are not nearly so destructive as the little slugs, but you want to be rid of them also. You will catch them most readily at night, but instead of putting them in the can, place them beneath the sole of your boot, and tread on them heavily. They harbour about the foot of a hedge or an ivy wall, and search should be made there occasionally to dislodge them.

To rid a garden of ants, lay down pieces of sponge which have been soaked in sugary water. Next morning you will find every pore of the sponge filled with ants. Go round with a can of boiling water and dip the various sponges in.

To protect young plants from insect pests an excellent plan is to lay down lettuce leaves on the ground beside them; these, by providing a meal, keep the pests from the seedlings, but that remedy is of course only a temporary one, and extermination is the cure.

EDGINGS.

Boxwood is still regarded by many gardeners as the one and only suitable edging for a border. It is unquestionably good provided it is kept cut short, but during the late autumn and the winter the amateur is likely to neglect it, and when in spring he turns his attention once more to his garden, his heart fails him when he starts shearing off the green of the boxwood, and exposing the unsightly stumps to view.

And so in the average villa garden we find the boxwood allowed to grow to a height of 6 inches or even a foot, thus overshadowing part of the border and keeping away light and moisture from more valuable plants.

London pride or golden feather are really more suitable as edging, but care must be taken not to allow either of these to spread too much.

In sowing seeds you should plant a few clumps close to the edging, so that presently the flowers may project a little over the walk. In this way you can break up the severely straight line of the border and so enhance the general effect.

ARCHES.

Arches are dreary looking things during the winter time, so I do not advise that you should go to the expense of having a permanent arch. Those made up of saplings and thin branches are every bit as effective as the hightly ornate and varnished article, and you can remove them either to the copper fire or to a corner of the garden, when the creepers covering them have died down.

An arch may very well be built up piecemeal. Sow either canary creepers, sweet peas or nasturtiums at each side of the walk where you intend your arch to be.

Fix in the ground a couple of stout saplings at each side, and as the creepers come up, strengthen your arch with further additions. When the sides are thus nearly covered you can readily form the top part of the arch by tying thinner saplings to the ends of those that form the base.

In this way the arch will not rear its nakedness for long, but will practically come into existence as the creepers raise themselves around it.

GARDEN SEATS.

A garden should be as inviting as possible. It is not merely a place to view, but a place to loaf in happily. One does not always feel inclined to take out a chair from the house, and every garden should be provided with some sort of seat, which is more or less a permanent fixture, and which does not require to be protected from the weather.

The stump of a tree with a nice flat top can be placed at the end of a rockery in an inviting position. A rough wooden form may stand against an ivy wall, or a rustic seat may be placed in some convenient corner.

It is extremely easy to make a rustic chair, all that is required being a few pieces of young trees, some nails, and a little ingenuity.

When watering the garden you should always direct the hose pipe upon any seats which may be there. This will ensure their being clean, and when they are dry again you and your friends may sit on them without apprehension.

ODD BORDERS.

The square lawn of the suburban garden is an eyesore to the person with artistic susceptibilities, and if your own is of this type, you should set about improving its appearance by the introduction here and there of a few borders.

You might run a border round one side of the lawn, and at the other side have either a few circular borders, or one of a crescent shape. Each corner of the lawn should be cut off by a small triangular border big enough to hold a rose tree and a few annuals.

A circular bed in the centre of the lawn is highly decorative, but it is not always practicable to have one, for the mistress of the house sometimes requires to have as large a green as possible, and the centre bed is apt to be very much in the way when spring cleaning operations, for example, are going on. This is an objection which cannot be urged against the small borders at the edge of the lawn.

WALKS.

It is essential for the full enjoyment of a garden that the walks should be well made and properly attended to. If, as is so often the case, they are covered with small, loose stones, you will feel these pebbles through the sole of your boot.

The best covering is a good binding gravel, and in order to economise, you should have the walk well rolled, or beaten with a spade, before applying it.

In a garden that slopes a pleasant effect can be introduced by building a couple of steps on the walk, leaving the section above and below more or less level.

The steps may be made of blocks of stone roughly shaped, if you are fortunate enough to live in a neighbourhood where these are easily procured. Failing this, fir poles sawn down the middle will serve to keep the gravel in place.

'FESSOR.

A STUDY.

He lives in an obscure village in the backwoods of a midland county.

'Fessor Green is his name, 'Fessor being short for professor, which, owing to his talents, he has been nicknamed.

You are standing in the blacksmith's shop towards the close of the day, gazing down the silent village street, when 'Fessor comes in sight.

A bent and white-haired figure, but in his eyes there yet lingers much of the fire of younger days.

Slowly up the street he comes, making straight for the smithy, for this is his favourite resort. As he enters, the smith, who possesses a fine tenor voice, starts an old-world song, quaint and full of melody.

'Fessor Green's ears prick up at once. His eyes are the mirror of his inner self, and in them we read how his heart is stirred by the smith's voice.

In a beautifully modulated and full-toned baritone he puts in his part. As he sings, his foot softly beats time, his head nods from side to side, he is oblivious of everything, wrapped up in the song.

'Fessor is now in a land of his own, far away from worldly things, carried off by the song he sings. Music with him is a god, and when he is with his god he lives in a land of his own. With a beautiful, soul-stirring chord the last lines die away.

'Fessor remains motionless for a few seconds, then returns to earth only to go back to his enchanted land as another song is started.

And so they go on, these two. You listen and wonder why 'Fessor Green has never made a great name and fortune in the world of singers.

Mention this to him and you mortally offend him.

Name, fortune? What does he want with such fickle things? He *loves* music; name and fortune he despises. He is content earning his few shillings a week as a labourer. All he asks is nature and music—nature to live with, to talk to, to love; music in which to express the wondrous lessons learnt from nature.

Once, years back, 'Fessor Green organised a reed band in the village. It consisted of two or three country youths trained and taught by himself. And splendid music they gave us. None of the everyday music hall catch-songs, nor yet the tunes of great authors, but haunting, old-world tunes, tunes handed down for generations and played now by ignorant country youths —ignorant only as the world knows ignorance, but taught music by one of nature's past masters until they themselves were masters.

One by one his pupils left him and he grew too old to teach others, and so the band gradually died out.

But though he is no longer capable of keeping a whole band together, he is still able and willing to help individuals.

He does it just for the love of the thing, not for money.

Many a young man—ay, and maiden too—in the village owes both knowledge and love of music to his kindly tuition, and not a few have even surpassed their teacher.

But he never had a pupil like the young chap at the Hill Farm.

He went up to London and is now a famous singer. I forget what they call him, but he is still Ben to us, and the idol of the village.

Now and again 'Fessor Green brings out his flute. His old hands grasp it lovingly, and he treats us to the finest music one could ever wish to hear—music played from his heart, played from the pure love of it; no mechanical playing his.

When his allotted space on this earth is over he will be buried in the quiet old churchyard, one of Gray's "Mute Inglorious Miltons," mourned by everyone who has ever heard him sing or play; meanwhile he plays and sings and we listen, held in the spell of a natural genius.

T. A. KEATLEY.

MY NOTEBOOK.

MR. ROGER POCOCK. I suppose I ought to regard Mr. Roger Pocock, founder and commissioner of the Legion of Frontiersmen, as my sworn enemy, for, as you will find by referring to the first page of this number, I have consented to act as Mr. H. Gray-Reid's second in the forthcoming duel which Mr. Pocock and my contributor are about to fight.

Strictly speaking, Mr. Pocock is my enemy until the point of honour is settled between him and my contributor; but speaking as a man, I harbour no animosity towards him. On the contrary.

On receipt of Mr. Pocock's article, "In Defence of the Legion," I telephoned to him to ascertain his exact rank, for I like to be accurate in these matters. I asked him whether he was a captain or a major, by both of which titles I have seen him described in the daily newspapers.

His reply was that he had no Army rank whatsoever, and he asked me to make very certain that he was given none in any introduction which might appear with his article.

That in itself was straight and manly, but Mr. Pocock revealed himself further.

"I think from his article," he said, "that Mr. Gray-Reid is a jolly decent chap—just the sort we want to have in the Legion, and we won't be happy till we have him enrolled as a member."

I have never met Mr. Pocock, and I have spoken with him only over the wire; but a man who can make a remark like that about another who wrote a very pungent criticism of the Legion, and whom he is about to fight, is a thorough sportsman.

Mr. Roger Pocock is a man. I can pay him no higher compliment than that.

I shall do my duty as second to my friend and contributor, but I shall do so without animosity. Mr. Gray-Reid I have known for years; he is one of the best. Mr. Pocock I have not yet met. But both are sportsmen, both are gentlemen, and at their meeting I shall have but one wish—Let the best man win!

SUNDAY AND DRINKING. I am not a teetotaller by any means, but I hold that moderation in drinking, as in everything else, is extremely laudable.

I spent a recent week-end in Belfast, and on the Sunday morning I asked a policeman how I could get down to the seashore, for my map represented the arm of the ocean on which this city stands as attractively blue. He advised me to take a car and I waited till one came along. It was all but full, and I had some trouble in getting a seat, but before we had anything like reached the sea the car was absolutely packed.

It was not till we got to the end of the journey that I discovered the reason for this exodus from the city. I had attributed it to a healthy desire for fresh air or change of scene, but I found when the car stopped that the crowd made as one man for a public-house which stands beside the terminus.

At the door stood a policeman, and of each visitor he asked in turn: "Are you a traveller?" The answer was invariably the same and the men filed inside.

The whole thing was a farce and a mere circumvention of the law, but it seems to me that the law is an extremely foolish one.

People who are in the habit of drinking a little each day want a drink on Sunday as well, and so they are obliged either to travel the regulation number of miles on bicycles, along dusty roads, with a crowd of similar "bona-fide" travellers, or else they sit in a stuffy tramcar which wheels them to their destination.

They have another alternative, the purchase of a special supply on Saturday night. It frequently happens that the man who is content with a daily glass of beer provides himself with a bottle of whisky for Sunday consumption, and I think I am safe in saying that intemperance is more rife on this particular day than on any other of the week. It is mostly within doors, but it exists none the less.

In most Continental countries there are no such restrictions. In Italy or Spain, for instance, you will find the public-houses open the whole day long. Liquor on Sunday ceases to be forbidden fruit, and the people accordingly do not take too much of it.

PHYSICAL MISFORTUNES. As you may remember, I recently printed a paragraph in which I said that, so far as my experience went, men who suffered from physical drawbacks were always more or less objectionable from the point of view of character, and I invited my readers to corroborate my finding or to knock it on the head.

Nothing that I have so far written has aroused more controversy than this. I have had the letters, for and against, sorted out, and I find that they are almost equal, there being only one more in support of my opinion than against it.

Several readers who have written to support my statement, draw attention to the fact that Dickens, an acknowledged master in the study of human nature, frequently represented his bad characters as deformed, and I have before me many cases from real life where malformation of body and character have coincided.

On the other hand, I am more than happy to say that many of the letters bring to my notice cases where men who have been born or have become deformed, have not taken advantage of the indulgence of other people. Many who are suffering from physical misfortunes are, I learn from my readers' letters, thorough sportsmen and jolly decent chaps in every way.

I'm glad I put the saving clause "so far as my experience goes" in that paragraph.

WHY NOT JOIN? We are on the crest of a wave of strong patriotic feeling, produced by Major du Maurier's rousing play, "An Englishman's Home," in which he paints so graphically what would be the fate of civilians should an enemy reach our shores.

The inadequacy of our defences has been brought forcibly home to us, and our young men have gone to the various depôts of the Territorial Army and have offered their services to their Motherland.

To Major du Maurier belongs the credit, but it is with much satisfaction that I learn from my correspondence that I also have been the means of inducing some hundreds of men to join the Territorials.

I have done this partly by means of various articles dealing with Territorialism, but chiefly, I think, through securing the "Kernahan of the King's Own" stories, by Mr. Garratt, himself a very keen Yeoman. He has shown us—and it has never been done before—the real did comradeship and hearty fun that are part and parcel of Territorial life. Further "Kernahan" stories will appear from time to time, and I trust that their effect on recruiting will continue to be marked.

If I could only make you realise, my reader, that a Territorial corps is the finest club in the world, that it costs you not a penny, and that the men you will meet are exactly the right sort, then I feel sure you would join at once.

Some men, I know, have a terror of submitting themselves to drill and discipline; it seems to them to smack of slavery. Any such notion is foolishness. There is nothing degrading in obeying your officer's commands; you don't mind obeying the captain of your football club. Besides, the drill sets you up, and makes you look as well as feel, more of a man.

Take my word for it. Become a Territorial this very evening, and you will never regret it, but will thank me for bringing the matter to your notice.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

The Middleman

A HUMAN EPISODE.

By ADAM STERN.

We had toasted the King, absent friends, each other, and now in the lull caused by searching for other excuses I observed that the Cap'n was looking uncommonly glum.

"What's up, Cap'n?"

He grunted. "I was thinking."

"Ah, yes!" I said sympathetically.

"I was," he asserted forcibly, as if the occasion called for a lapse into sentiment. He glanced round at the sumptuously-fitted club smoke-room.

"It was in rather a different place from this."

"Let's hear it," said the half dozen of us there, for the Cap'n has seen a deal of service, and, when he can be persuaded to talk, has often something worth the telling.

"I ought to have been dead ten years ago," he commenced, dismally enough.

"That's nothing to grumble about, surely?" said young Hanson.

"Yes, it is," he snapped out, "for a better man —but that's the wrong end of the yarn. Want to hear it?"

"Ay, go ahead! Get it off your chest and you'll feel easier."

The Cap'n filled his pipe with aggravating deliberation and sucked it thoughtfully.

"It was in Africa in '98. An Assistant Com. had gone up interior to collect taxes from one of the nigger chiefs and hadn't come back. So as he'd given trouble before, about twenty of us with a couple of Maxims and some half a hundred native boys, went to inform him that the life of a Britisher was a sight more important than the National Debt.

"At the end of one day's march we pitched our camp by a dark, swirling river with a mile of rough plains on the other side of us ending in a range of hills. It was nearly midnight and I was on next for outpost duty, a job I always funked."

"Garn!"

"Fact. Have you tried it?" He glared upon us with a pair of fierce eyes set in a round, fat, pink, babylike face. Even the moustache with the Wilhelm twist, sovereign-yellow like his hair, looked comically unreal.

We subsided into docile silence, and he resumed.

"Well, I was jolly glad to be able to speak a line while with the boys, for the night was inky and some sniping had made us feel companionable. We sat round the fire and smoked and talked in between the thinks about home. I was unmarried then, so was pretty busy, with the face in front o' me that explained all I was working and fighting for."

This was unusual, but we forbore to wink.

"Dick Murphy was with us, a big, idle devil, morose to everybody, particularly me. At the time I couldn't understand it. We had been chums at home and he was a gaysome boy then.

"But when I ran against him out there something had happened; something was on his mind. There was the savage silence about him that talked of lost hope. But he woke up now and then. That was when there was a light about. He'd got the old laugh left, whatever else had gone. He moved his way into a melee one night in Johannesburg, knowing and caring nothing of the quarrel, and put a few men to sleep slicker than an opiate, and laughed all the time. Soft, humming laughter, with a vicious grunt when the fist arrived.

"This night we drank the same toasts as we've just had and kicked up the deuce of a din, too. All but Dick. He sat glowering into the fire with his great hands hanging limply between his knees. Then, as my heart was pretty full of it, y' understand, I got up and said, 'Boys, another toast.' This time in silence. 'The dearest little woman in the world.'

"Before the words were well out of my mouth Dick had sprung up with a curse.

"'No, you don't,' he said in a low tone of fury.

"I looked at him in some surprise, then I raised my hand again.

"'Now boys, the dearest——'

"With a bound Dick was across the fire and my can went spinning.

"'I'll twist your neck first,' he said with working face.

"The fellows got up and stopped us, and just then someone said 'Hark!'

"A dull, hollow tattoo came out of the night. Two or three of us went away from the fire and peered out into the blackness. Then lights sprang up a distance away, high up as if on the hills, and the thump of the tom-toms got louder, interspersed now with the sound of chanting, loud and distinct.

"'It's all right,' said the quiet voice of Tomkinson, who was in command. 'They won't attack till dawn.'

"'They're going to fight?' I said anxiously.

"'Looks like it,' he replied, trying to be matter-of-fact.

"Then he listened for a long time.

"'Oh, will you?' I heard him mutter.

"Tomkinson knew the lingo, and the niggers were informing the sky of their intentions towards us when the sun came up. I won't tell you what they were, but we clutched our rifles hard and pined for day ditto.

"Soon after it was my turn out and I went off with a braver show than I felt. Now it's all right viewed in the light of a club fire, but when you're halfway between camp and the enemy, a black void over you and everywhere, except right ahead where flames and fantastic figures dance and a pleasant little commination rises to heaven on your behalf, well, it's dithering. After a time your eyes get accustomed to the gloom and you can discern rocks and mounds merely as darker shadows, and soon they begin to take queer shapes. It isn't long before you see a dozen forms wriggling towards you from all directions, but you have to stick it till you're sure. A false alarm is the unforgivable sin.

"Well, there I stood, and suddenly, quite clearly, I heard a chuckle. My hair curled.

"'Who goes there?' I said, as soon as I could find my voice.

"The answer was a laugh, right behind me. I wheeled, and pointed an intoxicated barrel, but nothing showed.

"Then I heard a rustling and again that laugh. It wasn't a happy sound, I can assure you, and yet something withheld me from giving the alarm. I crouched there, straining my eyes into the darkness. Someone spoke aloud in a jargon that I didn't understand, sharply, as if giving an order.

"Rightly, at that, I ought to have had a packet at the speaker and bolted for the camp. But I didn't. I just stood there and waited, intently curious. There was a mystery about it somewhere. To make things worse that row on the hills ceased and I could hear nothing but the pumping of my heart.

"'Too sick with funk to move, eh?' came the voice of Dick, and his body loomed near.

"I gasped, then described him minutely.

"'Oh, this isn't a new parlour game,' he said. 'I've got a bone to pick with you.'

"There was the same menace in his tone as a little while before, only more so, and I began to think he was mad.

"'Who is the dearest little woman in the world to you?" he asked, sneering.

"I told him to go somewhere tropical.

"'You'd best answer,' he coaxed, and I heard a click.

"'Nell Sanderson,' I said.

"'H-m! I thought as much. Now, would it surprise you to know that she is the same to me?'

"I saw it now; the reason of his brooding, and my heart went out to him.

"'Neither of us is worth her, Dick,' I said soberly.

"'Now, that's generous,' he sneered. 'Sure you're not diplomatic from fright? All right. Well, queerly enough, that's the very thing I came out here to tell you. You're not good enough, and she shan't have a man who isn't.'

"'Well?' I challenged.

"'It's plain, isn't it?' he said nastily. 'You just undertake to stand by what you've said.'

"'And leave you to go in and win?'

"'No, I've tried once,' he said.

"'But in that case she'll have no one,' I said, humouring him, for now I was sure his mind had gone.

"That's what I'm going to look after. If I'm not good enough—caring as I do'—his voice rang queerly on those words—'then I must find someone that is.'

"'But how d'you know I'm not?' I asked, to gain time.

"He laughed. 'Oh, I've been watching you. What about that lady at the—Johannesburg?'

"'So you've been playing the spy, have you?' I said, as it went home.

"'Spy? Yes, why not?' And mad or not I knew his love for her was the right thing.

"Clean forgotten were my duties and that black stillness round us.

"We went on talking, a pair of arguing shadows.

"'Well?' I asked, getting angry because I felt small.

"'You will just promise to keep clear of her in future, or'—he paused—'the devil won't go hungry.'

"The situation was ridiculous, and yet I knew he was in deadly earnest. What right had he to appoint himself arbiter of her future? He proved it very soon, or at least, his worthiness.

"'Think quick,' he said, and again I heard a click.

"And just then a shower of assegais fell all round us.

"I gave one glance at the sudden dawn and another at the niggers scudding through the grass towards us, then fired and ran.

"'Z-z-zz!' They hummed as they came, and Dick hummed in unison. He paused to empty his revolver, then came alongside, re-charging the weapon with fastidious care. That smooth easy stride could have left me far behind, but it didn't.

"I darted a look on either side. The swarthy forms were almost abreast not far away, and closing in.

"'Shall we do it?' I asked breathlessly.

"Dick gave the old, blithesome laugh. 'Doubtful!'

"A few yards farther and unexpectedly, in a voice I shall never forget:

"'Before God, do you believe she loves you?'

"'Yes,' I gasped, for I was nearly done.

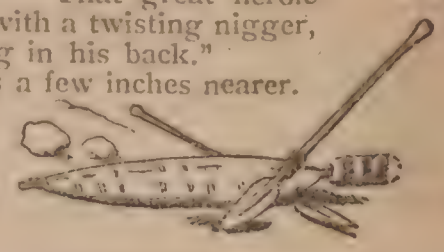
"That rhythmic hum drew nearer. With another laugh that altogether deceived me, Dick stopped. As I hesitated he yelled, 'Get on. I'll catch you up.'

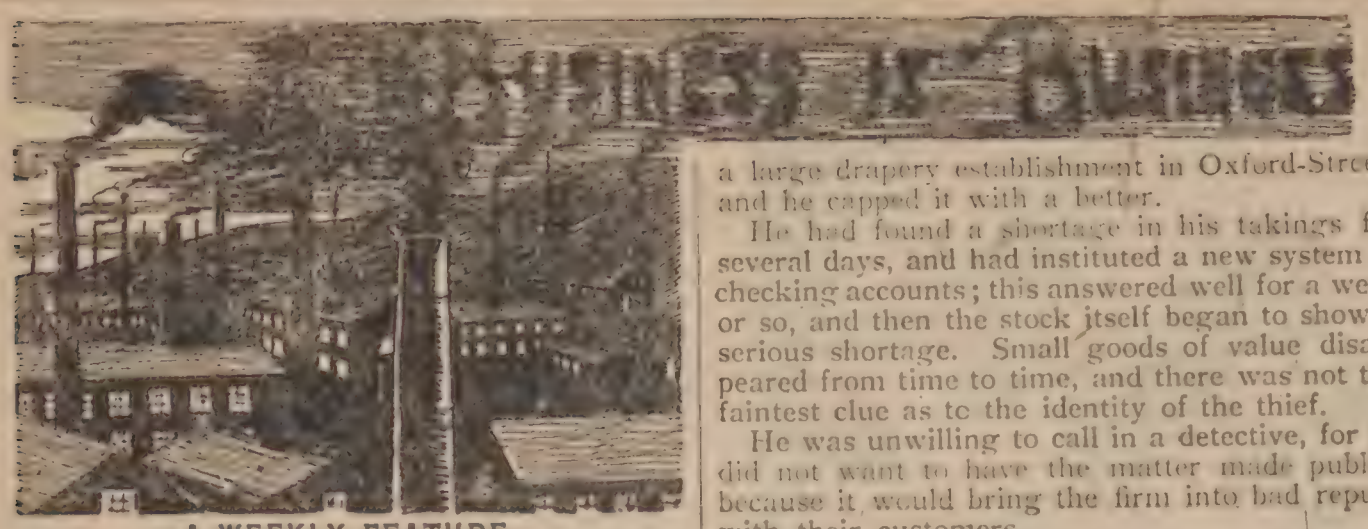
"Another minute and I was safe. Tomkinson didn't wait for the Maxims, and he and the boys swept by at the gallop.

"I turned and looked. That great heroic idiot Dick was wrestling with a twisting nigger, a couple of spears sticking in his back."

We insinuated his glass a few inches nearer.

"Drink up, Cap'n."





A WEEKLY FEATURE
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

THIEVES IN BUSINESS.

I think the most disquieting discovery that a business man can make, with the exception, perhaps, of impending bankruptcy, is that there is amongst his staff a thief.

I do not, of course, refer to the petty pilfering of stationery and stamps, but to the actual misappropriation of money. When this comes to his knowledge an employer learns with unpleasant force that his organisation contains a weak spot which may rapidly lead to his downfall.

I am glad to say that only once has such an unpleasant experience been my own.

It was shortly after I started in business on my own account. Small sums were missed from my own private room, and several of the clerks complained that money had been taken from the pockets of their overcoats. Suspicion became certainty when one day I left my room for an hour and discovered on my return that a pile of twenty postal orders which had been on my desk had dwindled down to seventeen.

Every man had been engaged by myself, and I could scarcely find it in my heart to suspect anyone, but it was necessary for the safeguarding of the other employees' reputations, as well as for my own interests, that the thief should be discovered without loss of time. I therefore made a note of a shilling postal order, and, having crumpled it up, I left it carelessly on the floor of my room.

On returning from lunch the order had vanished, as I expected it would.

I then wrote to the Postmaster General, explaining matters, and requested that particulars might be forwarded to me when the order had been cashed.

Two days later I was informed that the order had been cashed at a Post Office in the Strand, and was signed "James Brownlow." This information was of no use whatsoever, for no person bearing any such name was in my employ.

I next crossed a postal order and left it in my waste paper basket, in the hope that the thief would annex it. He would have had to pass it through a bank, and I should readily have been able to discover his identity, but this order was left severely alone. Meanwhile the thieving had been continuing, and things were coming to such a pass that I feared I should be obliged to dismiss my whole staff and engage a fresh one.

I got my man at last, however. I left on my desk a number of valuable foreign stamps, which I bought for this express purpose. Before evening one of these stamps had disappeared. There are not very many stamp dealers who would have been prepared to purchase a specimen of this value, and after I called at three of them next day I discovered that the stamp had already been presented at one establishment and bought.

The dealer gave me an exact description of the man who sold him the stamp, and I was able to identify one of my clerks who had been loudest in his denunciations of the thief and in his assertions that he had been victimised by him.

I was as thankful when I had purged the office of this rogue as if I had made a thousand pounds.

I was recounting this incident to the head of a large drapery establishment in Oxford-Street, and he capped it with a better.

He had found a shortage in his takings for several days, and had instituted a new system of checking accounts; this answered well for a week or so, and then the stock itself began to show a serious shortage. Small goods of value disappeared from time to time, and there was not the faintest clue as to the identity of the thief.

He was unwilling to call in a detective, for he did not want to have the matter made public, because it would bring the firm into bad repute with their customers.

After much cogitation he hit upon a scheme. He sent an anonymous letter to each of the employees saying that her guilt had been discovered, and that she had better not appear at work next day. In the morning all the girls except two were indignantly showing one another the letters which they had received, and later on they came in mass to the manager's office.

The other two asserted that they had not received any such letter.

A careful watch was kept for the next few days on these two girls, and first one and then the other was caught in the act of stealing and was forthwith dismissed.

Another firm with whom I frequently have dealings were persistently robbed in an even more mysterious manner. They are engaged in the retail trade, doing a purely cash business. If they receive an order by post or telephone they will only execute it if the customer has a deposit standing against his name.

The first theft happened this way. An order was given over the telephone apparently from a Mr. Smith, who had over £100 banked with the firm, requesting that a selection of rings should be forwarded to a lady friend. The rings were duly sent, as the deposit covered their value, but nothing was heard further concerning the matter, and, when at last inquiries were made of Mr. Smith, he protested that he had not given the order at all.

A detective was then sent to the house where the rings had been left, but he found that it was a small shop where parcels may be called for by anyone.

A month later the same thing occurred again, this time the goods being furs, and the alleged name of the speaker being that of a lady whose credit with the firm was indisputable. Once more the goods were despatched—with the same result.

The firm has since made it a rule that no orders will be executed if given over the telephone, unless the address at which the goods are to be delivered is actually that of the person who is giving the order.

They thus injure their trade a little, for customers who wish to send a present to a friend are deprived of their former facilities for doing so, but there is no opportunity for this sort of theft to be repeated.

That the culprit was an employee cannot be doubted, for no outsider could possibly have known the names of those customers who had deposits with the firm. Although the thefts have ceased, there remains the uncomfortable knowledge that the thief was never discovered, his identity to this day remaining a mystery.

The telephone is useful, undoubtedly, but it opens up opportunities for mean frauds that would not otherwise be possible.

There is no doubt that the man who is earning a microscopic salary and handling thousands of pounds, or their equivalent, every day, is subject to a very great temptation.

It is the duty, therefore, of employers to make salary and responsibility commensurate. Many banks and similar firms adopt the very wise plan of forbidding their employees to marry until they are earning a sufficiently large salary to be out of the reach of temptation.

THE FRAUD OF BANKRUPTCY.

A BUSINESS SCANDAL.

The old wheeze, "I shall be ruined unless my shop is burnt down," must now be changed to "I shall be ruined unless my company goes bankrupt."

If you have been a close student of the newspapers during the past few years, you will have observed that certain companies have failed, paying their creditors only a few shillings in the pound, and that, a month or two later, new companies have been formed headed by the very men whose bungling caused the collapse of the first companies.

Why the investing public should be fool enough to hand over their money to men who have proved themselves incompetent is one of those mysteries on which the sharper waxes fat.

The usual game is this. A financier whose name has for some time been associated with a certain type of enterprise will announce that he is prepared to sell his interests to a limited company. The company is duly formed, and the financier receives many thousands for the goodwill of the business; he is also appointed managing director.

A year later comes the inevitable smash. Slackness of trade is given as the cause, but the true reason is that the failure has been carefully engineered by the rascally managing director.

The buildings and goodwill are offered for sale in the open market, but no purchaser is forthcoming. Then, when the creditors are beginning to despair of getting anything at all, the managing director comes forward.

"Look here," he says in effect; "I was responsible for getting this company floated, and I don't like to see you in a fix. I'll buy everything back for £1,000."

This is a flea-bite compared with the losses of the company, but the liquidators accept the offer rather than get nothing at all. So the business passes once more into the hands of the managing director.

Now he sets himself to work it up, and succeeds, for he is a clever rogue. Then he announces that the tide of trade has turned, and that he is once again prepared to sell his interests to a company. A second company is formed, and the whole thing is repeated.

"Mr. So-and-So forming a company?" says the guileless investor. "I must put in my little lot. It's sure to be all right when he's at the head of it."

This popularity they have nursed by long and careful effort. They get their names published as often as possible in connection with their particular line of business; thus they come to be regarded as authorities on the subject, and articles by them and interviews with them appear regularly in the Press. They engage, in fact, in a deliberate campaign of self-advertisement. What does it matter to them if they subscribe £100 to some local charity? The money will return to them eventually with a hundredfold increase.

Finally they become J.P.'s, or even something higher, and they are then ready for fleecing the investor.

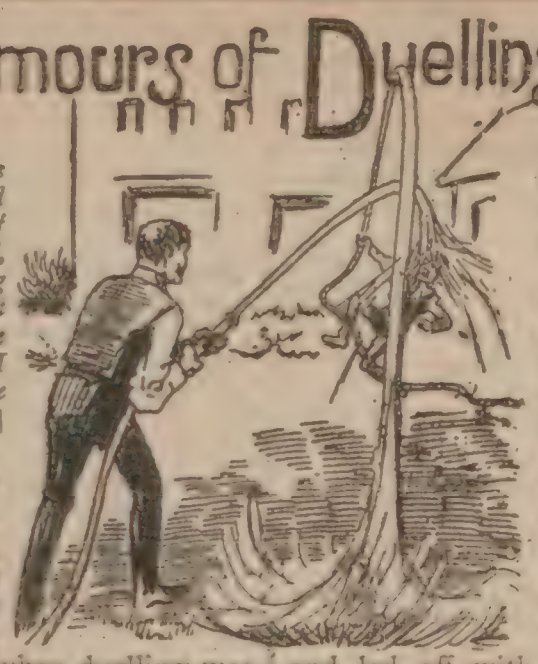
A doctor whose bungling was known to be responsible for the death of a patient, would soon find his practice dwindle to nothing. So also these financiers should be given the cold shoulder by the investing public as soon as they allow a company to fail under their management. But it does not happen. The investing Briton is the most gullible person on this fair earth.

Laws should therefore be passed forbidding managing directors whose companies have failed to float fresh companies.

Some day, perhaps, such an enactment may be passed. Till then let me conjure every reader with spare capital to guard it closely, and above all things to keep it from the clutches of the self-hatted and supposedly respectable harpies who play the game I have just exposed.

J. BRUCE BROADBENT.

Humours of Duelling



*[The wide interest which is being aroused in duelling, owing to the acceptance by my contributor Mr. H. Gray-Reid of Mr. Roger Pocock's remarkable challenge, induces me to print these interesting and amusing anecdotes concerning duels of the past. So far as I can see at present, there is no likelihood of our forthcoming duel being in any sense amusing, for it is a matter of grim earnest between one man and another. Nevertheless I believe that you will find this article well worth perusal.—*YOUR EDITOR.]

In a certain British regiment there was an officer whose behaviour was objectionable to the entire mess, but none of the others were particularly anxious to give him the snub he so richly merited, for it was in the days when duelling was fashionable, and he was known to be a crack pistol shot.

He understood the position of matters, and his manner became increasingly insolent. One evening he addressed some particularly rude remark to the regimental doctor, who sat opposite him; that was the beginning of his undoing. The doctor replied by throwing the contents of his glass in the aggressor's face, and the inevitable challenge to fight followed as a matter of course.

As the party challenged, the doctor claimed the privilege of choosing the weapons to be used, and on the day of the combat he produced a pill-box, in which rested a couple of creamy pellets.

A BITTER PILL.

"One of these pills," said the surgeon, "is perfectly harmless. The other contains enough poison to kill a man, after giving him the most acute agony for ten minutes. You will choose one and swallow it; I shall swallow the other."

Each man accordingly swallowed his dose. The surgeon's face remained impassive, but his adversary's soon became expressive of intense pain. He writhed and foamed at the mouth, moaning in his agony and finally rolling on the ground. When this had gone on for five minutes, the doctor informed the assembled officers that both pills had been made from nothing more deadly than breadcrumbs, the contents of the other being the result of imagination.

It was not long till the crestfallen officer transferred his services to another regiment.

The fact that the person challenged has the choice of weapons has given rise to many duelling oddities. On one occasion a Berkshire farmer was challenged to fight by a well known swordsman of the day, but he asserted his privilege, and demanded that the weapons should be carters' whips.

THE FARMER WON.

"I know nowt o' swords," he remarked drily, "but I can work a whip."

The contest duly came off, but after the first round the swordsman acknowledged defeat and made his apologies.

An American clergyman was disturbed during service one Sunday by a rowdy, whom he was obliged at length to eject from the church. A challenge came next morning, and the parson finally accepted it, stipulating that the weapons should be a basket of potatoes for each combatant, and that the range should be only four yards.

The rowdy was an expert pistol shot, but this availed him nothing when it came to murphy throwing, and he eventually retired from the lists with a black eye, a swollen face, and minus his front teeth.

Coming to the present time we have the case of a famous English cricketer. He had been selected to play in Australia, but had been delayed at the last moment by private business. When this was transacted however he set off by the overland to catch the ship at Port Said. At Brindisi he had to wait a day for a steamer, and while he was in a café he inflicted an unintentional insult on an Italian opera-singer who was present.

A challenge followed, and it was agreed that the duel should take place that evening, as it must, for the cricketer was sailing first thing next morning. The singer intended to fight with his favourite weapon, the sword, but the Briton demanded that the weapons should be five cricket balls apiece at twenty-five paces.

The Italian won the toss and led off with his five balls, each of which was successfully dodged by the cricketer. Then the singer had to stand as target. The first ball caught him on the shin, the second somewhere about the waist, and the third on the top of the nose. As this laid him out, there was no occasion for using the two remaining balls, and the cricketer still keeps them as mementoes.

GERMAN AND SCOT.

A Scotch engineer, named Fraser, was visiting Berlin on behalf of his firm, when he was unlucky enough to be standing in the way of a drunken German student, who was reeling out of a beer-garden. The German collided rather violently with the engineer, and considered that the latter had thereby insulted him. A challenge came next morning, and the Scotsman wisely refused to use swords, in the wielding of which the student was an adept.

He suggested instead that each combatant should take his seat on a bag of blasting powder, to which was attached a slow fuse. The fuses should be lit at the same moment, and he was to be considered vanquished who first left his seat. This scheme was duly carried out. The Scotsman remained placidly smoking on his box, but after a couple of minutes the sweat began to roll down the cheeks of the fat German, who kept his eyes glued on the sizzling fuse which spluttered by his side. He stood it valiantly for a while, and then, just as the fire was close to the bag, he jumped down, and ran off as fast as his legs would carry him.

ORDEAL BY WATER.

When he was out of sight the engineer stepped off his bag also. Both fuses had by this time burnt themselves out, so the Scotsman emptied the sacks of the sawdust they had contained, rolled them up, and returned with them under his arm in triumph to his hotel.

On another occasion two young Englishmen were drinking in an Ostend café, when they began to quarrel.

"Liar, did you say?" shouted one. "You can't use such a word here without paying for it with your life. We're not in England now, but in Belgium where duelling is permitted, and I therefore challenge you to fight a duel."

The other was just as hot headed, and they were about to go off to purchase weapons, when the owner of the café suggested that if messieurs would only retire to the back garden, he would be pleased to provide weapons, and the dispute could be settled then and there. To this course they agreed, and while they removed their coats in the garden, their host produced the weapons.

These were a couple of hose pipes with nozzles at the ends. The referee turned on the water, and the combatants aimed the jets of water at one another to such good effect that in less than five minutes both were drenched to the skin. Their tempers being now cooled, they shook hands and bolted dripping to their hotel for a change of clothes.

The French duel, even when fought with the orthodox weapons, is usually a humorous affair, the veriest scratch being held to satisfy honour.

R. D. SYKES.

THE FOOTBALL IDIOT.

A SPORTING NUISANCE.

Some people are very "down" on football spectators, more particularly of professional football matches. They say it is childish to look on at football, or, for that matter, at any game.

That is a priggish view. Certainly it is better to play a game than to watch it, but so far as football is concerned, few men can hope to play "Rugger" after twenty-five, or "Soccer" after thirty. And if you have played either game as boy and youth there is genuine and rational enjoyment to be derived from watching a good game of football when you are past playing it.

Therefore I most certainly do not apply the term "football idiot" to football spectators as a class, but to a certain type, which is mostly to be found at professional matches.

What are his characteristics? In the first place, he is idiotically enthusiastic and treats a match almost as a matter of life and death.

At the Chelsea *v.* Everton match at Chelsea last year, I found myself next a "football idiot." He was a weedy youth who looked as if he had never played football—or any other game—in his life, and he simply went off his head with excitement.

He raved, and squealed, and squirmed, and when Chelsea were awarded a penalty kick he covered his face with his hands and bleated, "Oh, I daren't look; I daren't look. He'll miss it. I know he will. Oh, oh, oh!"

I don't exaggerate a bit. These were his exact words, and for the greater part of the game he was literally weeping with excitement. That sort of thing, of course, is sheer idiocy.

In the next place the "football idiot" is blindly partizan. If one of his side is knocked over, he yells "Foul, foul! Dirty, dirty! Ref., ref.! Turn him off, turn him off!" When, however, one of the other side is foully charged over he chuckles with delight, and his cry is now "Good old So-and-so."

At the Crystal Palace *v.* Wolverhampton Wanderers replayed Cup Tie, I found myself near a particularly malignant specimen of this class.

He wore a fur coat and a blotched face, and every time a "Glazier" was bowled over it was "Foul, foul! Dirty, dirty! Turn him off!" etc. But when a "Wolf" went down he applauded vociferously.

Mind you, this individual was sitting in the Pavilion, where decent football manners might be expected.

Of course, if a bad foul is perpetrated, there is a strong temptation to resent it vocally, though you had much better keep quiet and let the referee do his duty.

In the case of the individual mentioned, however, in nine cases out of ten there was no foul. He roared, and bellowed, and booed, simply because he was a blatant ass, an insensate partizan, and moreover because he was incapable of distinguishing between a fair charge and a foul one.

This brings us to the third characteristic of the "football idiot"; he doesn't know the game, and the less he knows about it the more voluble is he with criticism of the referee and players.

My Crystal Palace "friend" evidently did not know the rule which provides that a player cannot be offside in his own half of the field.

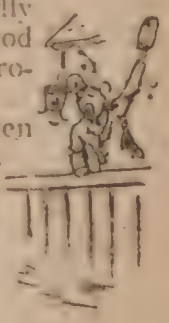
Time after time a "Wolves" forward would get away with the ball in his own half. "Offside, offside," roared this lunatic. "Ref., ref., where are your eyes? Offside, offside!"

At last, someone told him of the rule, and he was not only greatly surprised, but clearly incredulous.

To sum up, then, we have as the leading characteristics of the idiot of a football spectator that he becomes ludicrously excited, that he is blindly partizan and incapable of appreciating good work done by the other side, and that he is grotesquely ignorant of the game.

In short, he is not only an ass, but a rotten bad sportsman as well.

J. GILROY.



QUINQUA'S PATIENT.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By J. W. BURNETT.

"Quinqua is coming!"

Such was the brief statement posted on the various hoardings of Norchester, and even upon the walls of some of its private houses. Nobody knew who Quinqua was, and nobody knew what he was coming for. They were therefore the more anxious to find out. For a whole week these notices remained before the public gaze; then one day they were replaced by other notices which said: "Quinqua is coming to-morrow."

Near the market place there was an acre of open ground which had just been cleared for the building of a new factory. Next morning on the fence which separated the field from the street the people read a slightly more informative intimation: "Quinqua invites you to meet him here to-night at seven o'clock."

It was not till the evening that the public curiosity was satisfied. Then the people beheld a luxurious motor-car standing in front of the principal hotel. The uprights which supported the roof of the car appeared to be of glass, and within them was a filament now brilliantly incandescent with electricity. Round the edge of the roof itself ran other tubes, similarly illuminated. Behind the motor-car was a motor charabanc on which were seated forty musicians.

A red cloth had been laid from the hotel door to the illuminated motor-car, and presently the wondering crowd observed a man come down the steps. He was dark and large, and he appeared to possess a dominant personality. As soon as he stepped into the motor-car, the band in the charabanc struck up a rousing triumphal march, and the two vehicles moved towards the market place.

On the back of the car there now appeared outlined with electric bulbs the one word "Quinqua."

The people hurried off to the waste ground beside the market place, making for it by short cuts, so that when Quinqua's motor reached his pitch, there was already assembled a multitude which was ever increasing in numbers.

Quinqua sat in his motor till the band had taken their places on the platform. Then to the strains of a spirited march he ascended the steps, took off his fur coat and his silk hat, handed them to one of the attendants, and looked round upon the sea of upturned faces before him.

When he opened his mouth to speak an absolute silence fell upon the crowd. It appeared that he had come to Norchester as a benefactor of mankind. If any of his audience had toothache, let them come up and have the offending tooth extracted painlessly, and free of charge.

One daring spirit acted as a pioneer. Quinqua injected in the bone beneath the tooth a local anæsthetic. Then, signing to the band to be silent, he reached for his forceps and pulled out the tooth. Never a whimper came from the patient, not even a wry face. "It hurt no more than having your finger nails pared," remarked the navvy who had been operated on, as he came down the steps.

The people were unacquainted with the recent advances in dental surgery, and when Quinqua assured them that the absence of pain was due to a secret elixir of his own, they believed him, and he had scored his first triumph.

Toothache appeared to be rampant in Norchester, for victim after victim of that dire malady ascended the steps, and was operated upon by Quinqua. When he had kept this up for half-an-hour, he considered it time to change his programme.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am aware that toothache is a most painful thing, but there is one malady that is even more dreadful. That is rheumatism."

The people pricked up their ears. Norchester was low lying and damp, and rheumatism was common.

"The tax on my energies would be too severe," said Quinqua, "if I attempted to cure all the rheumatic patients here assembled. I therefore invite you to pick out your worst case and send him up to me. Settle amongst you who my patient shall be, and I will cure him."

By and by a movement was observed beside the stairs leading to the platform, and it was seen that a man somewhere between thirty and forty was being pushed towards it.

"Yes," cried the crowd, "try the canvasser. If you can cure him you can cure anybody."

The person referred to had come to Norchester six weeks before as an insurance canvasser; he had called at nearly every house in the town, but suddenly he had been smitten with violent rheumatism. He was to be seen every afternoon and most mornings in the High Street, trailing his twisted limbs along by means of a couple of stout crutches. He was known to everybody, for he had made it his business that he should be.

Had the people known that he was one of the twelve paid patients employed by Quinqua to prepare the towns he was to visit, they might not have been so enthusiastic, but they did not know.

The canvasser was assisted up the steps, and Quinqua invited him to be seated.

"This appears to be a terrible case," Quinqua began, addressing the people. "He informs me that he has tried every advertised remedy, and that he has also been pronounced incurable by the local hospital authorities and by every doctor in the town. Is what he says true?"

"Yes," replied a hundred voices. The affliction of the canvasser was known to everyone.

"Then," said Quinqua, "there is no need for further talk. First of all let me break up these crutches; they will not be required again." He snapped them across his knee and threw the pieces to the crowd as mementoes. "Now I shall begin my cure."

He opened a box of his magic liniment, pulled up the trousers of the patient, and rubbed the unguent vigorously upon the calves of his legs. In less than five minutes he stopped, washed his hands in a basin of water which an attendant held ready, dried them on a towel with deliberation, and turned again to the figure in the chair. The band stopped as he did so.

"Now, sir," said Quinqua, "I invite you to get upon your feet, and to walk smartly across the platform."

The patient seemed dubious, but raised himself hesitatingly in his chair. Then, as he apparently found his legs sound beneath him, he began to walk sharply this way and that, and by and by he jumped once or twice in apparent exultation. Then he turned to Quinqua, shook him cordially by the hand, and wiped a tear of gratitude from his eye. It was a touching scene and the people were convinced of the merits of the magic liniment.

"For two minutes," said Quinqua, "I shall now sell boxes of my liniment at half-a-crown each."

One of the attendants had already opened a packing case and brought out a pile of boxes. Quinqua knew that the number of the crowd who had half-a-crown in pocket was not very great, and his principle was always sales before the demand was satisfied. minutes he sold a hundred and twenty

There were still half-crowns being when the two minutes expired, but s head he exclaimed, "Not a single to-night."

Then he discoursed upon the meri health fluid, which, being only wate little colouring matter, he could affor at a shilling a bottle. It was better the pockets of an unprepared crowd, a end of a lengthy lecture upon its meri posed of many dozens of bottles.

Again before the demand was fully he stopped business, invited the peop him in the same place on the followi ing, entered his motor-car and drove o

Those who had been there that night friends about him; those who had n about him at their work the following

The man who had been apparently night before was seen by all walking and happily from end to end of the Hig Quinqua was the one subject of conver Norchester.

It might have been otherwise had t known what transpired that afternoo great physician's private sitting roo doctor himself was seated by the fire paid patient was standing in front of

"Look here," the latter was saying, to me I've all the trouble and you'v profit. Now I'm going to make a b gain with you. You reckon to have over night, and all on the strength of havi me of rheumatism. If I go down to with a new pair of crutches, as crippled the people will see that your cure is porary, and will say you are a fraud, won't draw more than fivepence. Nov you pay me £250 before I leave the do it."

The stronger rascal looked the othe down. Then he rang the bell and, wh vant had appeared, requested him this gentleman out."

When the evening arrived, Quinqua state to his reception ground, where practically the whole population of had assembled. They were well provi money, many of them having paid a vi Savings Bank for the express purpose ing in Quinqua's marvellous remedies. after cheer rent the air as the gre motor turned in from the street. triumph of bluff.

Hardly had he begun lecturing on th human ailments, however, when there his ears some angry remarks from a di of the crowd. Then somebody "Fraud!" and Quinqua saw that the s of his hearers were falling away from a crowd is always fickle.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I idea of the cause of the disturbance, bu you in fairness to tell me what is the

"This is the matter," shouted a rowdy a chap you pretended to cure yesterday as ever."

"Bring him forward," said Quinqua

The paid but unfaithful patient wa up the steps, and made his feeble way a platform with his crutches. The points were rather inclined to slip on the which he found the boards had n covered. Quinqua placed his enemy in Then he raised his hand for silence, a the tumult of disapproval had subs spoke.

"This," he said, "is a peculiar case was quite prepared for a recurrence malady. This patient is suffering fr sardonicus of his ichthyosaurus. matism is completely out of his bo muscles, but he is suffering under an h tion, imagining that he is still afflict acting exactly as if he were. I shall in any more of my liniment, as there is left for it to cure. I shall merely b

patient's mind back to its proper equilibrium by means of music."

The patient had been too excited to observe that the seat of the chair which he had taken was covered with metal, but he had observed that his feet were resting upon a fibre mat which was soaking with water, and he noticed that they were getting uncomfortably cold. Quinqua signalled to the clarionet player, who placed himself a few yards in front of the patient.

"Now," said Quinqua, "you will observe that music will have a peculiar effect upon the odontoglossum album of his cerebellum. The muscles of his face will contract as if he were in acute pain, but I can assure you that he is not suffering in any way."

At the mention of pain the patient attempted to rise, but even as he placed his hands on the arms of the chair one of the attendants turned a switch, and an electric current passed through the seat to the wet fibre mat. It was of terrific strength and he was incapable of freeing himself from it. The clarionet player began his music at the same time, and the people watched with anxiety the marvellous cure of the patient's hallucination.

By and by the shrieks of the poor wretch were so terrific that Quinqua had to sign to the whole of his orchestra to play, in order to drown them. After ten minutes of this agony the current was turned off, the band stopped, the face of the victim became normal, and Quinqua addressed the crowd.

"As you see," he said, "I have done nothing to cure the man's rheumatism, for he has none, but the music has cured him of delusions. Now, sir," he continued, turning to his unfaithful servant, "kindly leave the platform."

All too glad to do so the bogus patient prepared to obey. As he crossed the little plates of tin with which the platform had been inlaid, however, he discovered that they were alternately charged with electricity of a high voltage. The soles of his boots were now soaking wet and the current was quickly conducted to his body. He went first to one side of the platform dancing and capering, then in despair made for the other stairway, traversing the full length of this awful row of plates.

As the people saw him hopping so nimbly, they raised a cheer for Quinqua, who announced that, owing to increased difficulty in obtaining a certain secret ingredient of his liniment, he would be obliged to sell it that night, and for ever after, at five shillings a box.

As, however, nearly all the people bought a box that night, and also several bottles of his health fluid, he considered it futile to wait longer in the town, and so the next day he appeared in another place, to deal with another paid patient, who had already heard of the fate of the canvasser, and was little likely to court it.

SLEEP THE SOLVER.

A famous novelist has confessed that his best plots for stories come to him in the railway train. Every thinker has his own recipe for getting ideas, but we should imagine that few people nowadays would think of taking a week in bed when faced by a grave problem.

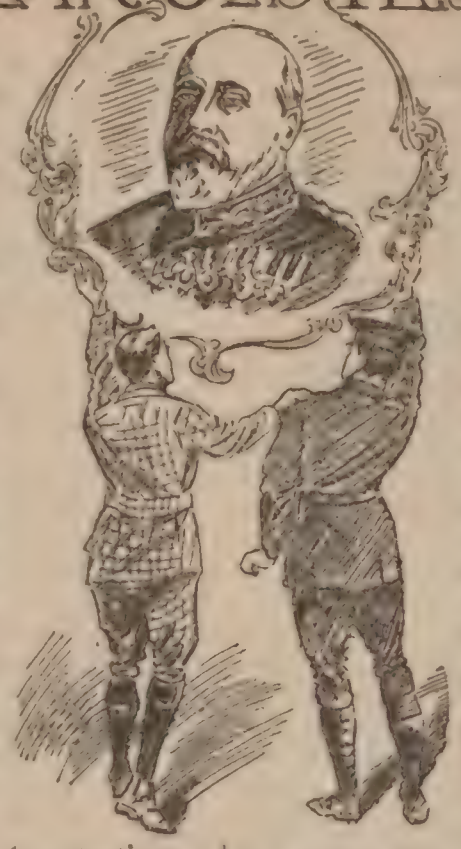
That, however, was the invariable custom of James Brindley, who built the famous Bridgewater canals and who has been named the father of British inland navigation.

Brindley could neither read nor write, and the drawing of the simplest plan was a thing impossible for him. Hence he was obliged to think out the whole of his schemes without the assistance of pen and paper, and his only notes were of the mental kind.

When he was baffled by some difficulty in regard to levels or lock-gates, he used to go home and retire to bed. There he would lie day after day, and night after night, sleeping and thinking hard, till at last he found a solution to the trouble. Then up he jumped and trudged back to his canal.

SOME STORIES ABOUT THE FINEST SPORTSMAN AND THE TRUEST GENTLEMAN IN ALL THE WORLD.

DEAR OLD TEDDY!



What he thought, there is no way of finding out, but the experience of wanting a smoke, and having your last match blown out by a keen wind is not a particularly pleasant one. He returned the unlighted cigar to his case, and walked on till he met an old man carrying a spade, and of him he requested the favour of a light.

The labourer opened his box, and discovered that he had only two matches, and so, making a shield with his hands, he struck one with the utmost care and held it for the gentleman. With a mischievous puff the wind sent this match out too. Wayfarers in this wild glen country were few and far between, and only the one remaining match stood between the gentleman and the loss of his smoke, and so he knelt down to obtain the shelter of a bank by the roadside, and the labourer held his spade and his cap close to him for additional protection.

The match flared up, the gentleman set his cigar alight, handed one to the old labourer, and asked his name and where he stayed.

Next day a tap was heard at the door of the cottage where the old man lived, and there was handed in a silver matchbox bearing the royal arms, for the gentleman whom he had obliged with the match was none other than the King.

CAUGHT!

During the progress of a State concert on *H.M.S. Bulwark*, the King happened to see four pairs of eager eyes peeping from beneath the quarter-deck awning. Immediately they saw him looking in their direction, the eyes disappeared, and with a flutter the awning fell back to its place, but in a moment the King was round on the shelter-deck.

"I saw you!" he cried. "You can come down and sit on the top of the turret." And four rather sheepish, but extremely grateful bluejackets filed along the deck, and scrambled on to the turret, where they spent a wholly delightful evening listening to the music.

Everybody likes the King, even those who are his guests by compulsion and not by choice. Not very long ago he paid a visit to Portland prison, and one of the convicts, in defiance of all discipline, shouted: "Three cheers for the King."

Never was there a heartier response to an invitation, and the grim walls of Portland rang again with the sound of the convicts' hearty approval.

The King smiled and nodded, but he acknowleged the compliment in a manner which under the circumstances was even more tactful; he requested the governor to supply every convict next Sunday with a special course of pudding and golden syrup.

"If everybody was like him," said an old lag to a warder, "there's some of us as wouldn't be here."

A ROYAL HERO.

In spite of having everything done for him that can be done, the King possesses self-reliance and presence of mind to a remarkable degree. While taking the waters at Marienbad, he made one morning an ascent of the hill that overlooks the town. When halfway up he observed a little girl dashing down the incline on a bicycle which was obviously out of her control. Below was an angle and a high wall, and a fatal accident seemed to be inevitable.

The King stationed himself in the middle of the road, and when the bicycle came alongside he thrust his walking stick between the spokes of the front wheel, bringing the machine to a dead stop. With his other arm he caught the little girl before she fell to the ground, and beyond the fright of the experience she was not a whit the worse. It was two very grateful parents who called that afternoon at His Majesty's residence to tender their humble thanks.

It is probable that just one person has ever admonished His Majesty with nature's weapons. It happened when the King was a boy.

Some alterations were being made to Osborne, and engaged on the work was a lad named Fred Attrell. Full of mischief, the young Prince tapped him on the back with a stick he was carrying, and Attrell, unappreciative of the compliment, turned upon him with his fists, and there was a battle royal in more senses than one, the heir to the throne getting considerably the worst of the encounter.

Queen Victoria took a hardy view of such matters, and, when she heard about it, she showed her sympathy or resentment by giving Attrell a permanent post at Osborne, a position which he has long enjoyed, being liked by everyone, including His Majesty.

THE KING AS PHOTOGRAPHER.

Some time ago the King took a particular interest in golf, and expressed deep regret that he had not adopted the game earlier in life, so as to have become proficient at it. With him was a certain foreign ruler, whose name we shall suppress, because he is touchy on such matters. He foozled so awkwardly that it was all the King could do to keep from laughing.

His Majesty's sense of the ridiculous found vent in taking a snapshot of the novice with a little camera, which he usually carried in his pocket.

It is a diminutive instrument, and its presence on the links was unsuspected, and so, when the King that evening showed his friend an enlargement of the snapshot, the latter was extremely surprised. Then when he studied it more closely, and saw what a dreadful figure he had made of himself, he was so hurt about it that, to console him, the King had the original plate brought and destroyed before his eyes.

The King is careful in his choice of motor-cars, but even he cannot prevent an occasional breakdown. Such an accident occurred on the road to Windsor outside a cottage. The chauffeur was busy mending the damage, but the King saw that there would be at least half-an-hour's delay, and so, when an old lady came out of the cottage and invited him to come in and have a cup of tea, he willingly consented.

A CUP OF TEA.

The old lady's niece was there, and having sharp eyes, she observed that the motor-car had no number, and guessed that it must be the King's. During the refreshment His Majesty and the young lady chatted about the drama and modern literature, she giving no sign that she knew who the visitor was, until as he departed she dropped him a curtsy and murmured, "Good-bye, your Majesty."

The sequel to this little incident took place in a London theatre a week later. From the royal box the King saw the young lady seat herself in the stalls, and, having a good memory for faces, he remembered who she was. He dispatched an equerry to discover her identity, and learned that she was a lady journalist on the staff of a society paper.

A few days later a packet reached the young lady at the office. It contained a gold motor-car bracelet charm, studded with diamonds, and a card bearing the royal monogram with the inscription, "With many thanks for a welcome cup of tea."

It is such things that make Edward VII. King of our hearts as well as King of Great Britain.

OGILVIE FARQUHARSON.

The SOLVER

AN UNIQUE SERIES OF DRAMATIC COMPLETE STORIES.

By H. CLAY-BUCKINGHAM.

VIII. THE CHESTER MYSTERY.

"Unless I am very much mistaken," said Page, as he gripped my hand, "I can promise you a week-end that at least will not be dull. Are you free?"

My reply was to bolt to my bedroom, cram into my handbag a few things which I considered to be necessaries, and a moment later to return to him in the sitting-room.

"Your humble servant!" I said, as I rejoined him. "Tell me about it as we go. I know your tendency to cutting things fine, and I suppose that now, whatever the case may be, you have no time to waste."

"Euston," he said to the driver of the taxicab, as we seated ourselves in it.

"It is a disappearance," he began. "If the subject of it were in any way likely to be benefited by advertisement, I should be more than half inclined to be suspicious, for the average disappearance in these days is more often a matter for the press agent than for the investigator. Here, however, we cannot set down the case as being one of this particular kind of voluntary banishment.

"The lost person is an officer in the 21st Lancers—Lieutenant Graham Mayhew, to wit—and it would be absurd to condemn him of having tried to fool his friends for the mere sake of attaining notoriety.

"I have just received a long rambling letter from his father, asking me to take the case up, and we're off to Chester, my boy, for that is where Mr. Mayhew has his house, and where the lieutenant was last seen."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Mayhew was a quaint personage, yet not by any means unique.

To some extent he fell into the usual category of successful men of business who have retired and don't know what to do with themselves; but, while possessing many of the characteristics of this type, he also had certain individual traits which made him, to my mind at least, an interesting if not an extraordinary man.

"I fear," he said, "that I can give you little guidance as to the direction your investigation should take. Graham has disappeared without leaving any explanation or any clue as to his whereabouts. But I trust, Mr. Page, that you may be able to find evidence where I have failed."

"Let us have the whole story," said Page. "Tell us exactly what happened before his departure."

"Don't use that word," Mr. Mayhew protested. "It implies that my son left me of his own accord. Such a thing he would never do. No, sir; he has been spirited away by some scoundrels who happen to know that I am a man of wealth, and who mean to hold him for ransom."

"You may be right," said Page, "but still you must excuse any question that I put to you. It is only by reviewing a case on its unlikely as well as on its likely side that we can arrive at the solution. Do you imagine that your son can have been in any difficulty regarding money?"

"Most certainly not," replied Mr. Mayhew, with some heat. "I supplied him with what I considered to be a fair and just allowance, and it has been my care from his boyhood to bring him up with a true appreciation of the worth of money."

"And have you succeeded in fully imbuing him with these excellent business principles?" asked Page.

Our host's face clouded a little.

"Yes," he said, "I think I have. We have disagreed over money matters at times, but never seriously, and I have always been able to persuade him that my methods were right.

"They ought to be," he continued, with some satisfaction. "If I had not worked on sound business principles, it is scarcely likely that I should have risen from being an errand boy to becoming one of the biggest wholesale merchants in Liverpool, which I was before I retired five years ago."

"Such a career is a credit to you," said Page, drawing him out.

"It may be so, Mr. Page," said our companion, "but I am yet doubtful whether I have been a success. Each of us has his own ideals. The man I should have liked to be is the type that is commonly called a thorough English gentleman and sportsman. But I had sense enough at the outset to realise I should never be that, for I knew I should be well on in life before I was wealthy enough to throw up business. Since I have done so, I have discovered that I am too old to change. I am a business man, and shall never be anything else, but I have lived in the belief that my son may develop into a fine English squire."

"And I take it," said Page, "but for his disappearance he has been progressing on the lines you desired."

"Yes," the other replied. "I sent him to Eton and Oxford and later put him in a crack cavalry regiment. He has picked up from the men he has met some ideas which are not sound in a business way. But I think I have beaten down the extravagance which he seemed likely to develop. I allow him £300 a year, and have made him keep accounts, so that I can see how it is spent."

"£300 is not a very large allowance for an officer in a cavalry regiment," said Page.

"It is quite enough," Mr. Mayhew protested.

At this stage of the conversation Page produced his notebook.

"Now for some particulars regarding the disappearance," he said. "I presume you have already made inquiries at the railway station as to whether anyone saw your son there on the evening when he vanished?"

"I have," was the reply. "Chester Station is fairly busy at certain times, but just now there are few strangers about, and the booking clerks and porters might be trusted to recall seeing my son if they had seen him; he is, I may say, unusually tall and his appearance altogether is too striking for him to be unobserved."

He took from his desk a number of photographs of the missing lieutenant and handed them to us for inspection.

They represented a very handsome young man.

"I shall keep these," said Page. "They may be useful. Now tell me exactly what occurred on the evening of your son's disappearance."

"There is nothing to tell," the merchant replied. "He was staying with me for a couple of weeks on leave. That particular night we dined together and afterwards played a game of chess. At ten o'clock my son went to bed.

"Next morning, when my butler took in his shaving water, he was astounded to find the room empty.

"I am inclined to think that my son may have changed his mind on reaching his room and gone for a walk, during which he must have been overpowered and carried off—presumably for purposes of blackmail, for I am known to be well-off."

"Very well," said Page. "I don't think we need trouble you further meantime. I should like to examine the room which Lieutenant Mayhew occupied."

We were conducted to a bedroom on the first floor, and Page waited till our host had left before he began his examination.

On the top of the chest of drawers there were some cycling maps and books, and at length my friend turned his attention to them. So far as I could judge, however, they did not afford him much enlightenment.

He next went through the small drawers of the dressing-table, and in one of them he found a pair of brass dividers.

Spreading the maps on the floor, he fitted the dividers to the scale and made little circles with them here and there, sometimes turning to the table of distances from various places, which formed a sort of booklet and was bound in with each map.

At length he rose to his feet.

"Our destination," he said, "is Shrewsbury."

* * * * * * *

"Publicans know more than the police," Page once said to me, and I recalled the remark when, on reaching Shrewsbury, he led me into various bars and hotels and inquired of those in charge whether they had seen anyone answering to the description of the lost lieutenant.

"Is he a toff?" asked the tenth barman to whom Page described our quarry.

"Yes," said Page. "You might call him that."

"Then it's not your man I'm thinking of. I know of a young fellow who's like this photo, but he's only a working chap. He's driving a van for a contractor."

We secured the name and address of the contractor and set off for his yard. It was shortly after six o'clock when we got there, and the first person we saw was a well-set-up young man, busily engaged unyoking a horse from a van.

I had seen the photos of the missing lieutenant, and there could be no doubt that he now stood before us.

"Permit me the honour of making your acquaintance," said Page, "for I feel it is an honour. Mr. Graham Mayhew, what is the explanation of it all?"

"Wait till I get this horse bedded down," said the young man quite calmly, "and I'll tell you."

We adjourned to the very bar where we had obtained the clue, and there he told us his story.

"In a word," he said, "my father kept me very tight, and I couldn't keep pace with the friends he had set me amongst unless I appealed to the Jews. I owe them £3,000, and they were making life unbearable; so I determined to disappear and, when it had all blown over, to rejoin the Army as a trooper. Don't think me dishonest, the Jews have had their money; this is only interest they're after."

"Why did you leave your dividers screwed down at a radius equal to thirty miles on your map?" Page asked. "And why were you so foolish as to put a cross against the name Shrewsbury in the distance table?"

"Because I'm only an amateur criminal," he replied, "—— if I'm one at all. I settled on walking as that way I should be least likely to be observed, and thirty miles was about as much as I felt fit for."

I admire Page for what he did after this. He returned to Chester, and he flatly asked Mr. Mayhew what ransom he would pay for his son's return. £3,000? He would. Then he should be restored to him within twenty-four hours.

I am glad to say that Page and I have visited the old merchant several times since then, for he is very friendly. He rather likes us because we told him our very candid opinion of his folly in making his son an officer without supplying him with the necessary means.

The young chap himself is now back in his regiment, and he looks us up whenever he is in London. The Jews worry him no more, for their claims were met with the "ransom," the lieutenant has no further cause to deal with them, for his allowance is now ample.

[Another of these remarkable stories will appear next week.—ED.]

500 SILVER-MOUNTED CALABASH BRIAR PIPES FREE.

Souvenir Presentation by a well-known firm who were awarded the only Gold Medal at the Franco-British Exhibition for Smoking Mixtures.

Amongst Army and Navy men (and they are smokers of taste and discrimination) there is no more popular pipe tobacco than

'SERVICE MIXTURE.'

The reasons are obvious, "Service Mixture" is a tobacco of infinite charm and distinction, embodying all those qualities and virtues which the connoisseur appreciates. The Blenders have now decided to supply the public with this special *brand*, and, to facilitate its general introduction, will present the first 500 purchasers of a ½lb. tin of "SERVICE MIXTURE" with a splendid SILVER-MOUNTED CALABASH BRIAR PIPE. They wish to make it quite clear that the price of

"SERVICE MIXTURE"

has not been advanced for this purpose. It has always been retailed at 10/- per lb. tin; ½lb. 2/6; and 2 ozs. 1/3.

"SERVICE MIXTURE"

is the tobacco which ever appeals to the appreciative pipe smoker. Every tin is sealed, and the tobacco remains cool, sweet, and fragrant till the last. Purchasers of a 5/- tin (5/- Postal Order or stamps) will receive same, post free, together with the order to secure a SILVER-MOUNTED CALABASH BRIAR PIPE. However, some will prefer to purchase "SERVICE" first, and the manufacturers will gladly allow them to purchase a 2/- tin at 1/3 and when the completed 5/- purchase is made the pipe will be forwarded. Although

"SERVICE MIXTURE"

is obtainable of most retailers, it should be noted that in order to secure the Souvenir PIPE, it is wise to write direct, and liking it as you are bound to, you will know how to obtain "SERVICE" from your usual STORES or TOBACCONISTS. GOOD TOBACCO—the pre-eminent favourite of ARMY and NAVY men, needs no effort to establish it's superiority, and to become your constant PIPE TOBACCO.

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The manufacturers of the above Fountain Pen are prepared to supply to the public for a limited period a 15/6 article for 5/6.

This charming article is manufactured from dark green vulcanite and mounted in gold (two bands). It is fitted with a 14-ct. gold nib, twin feed, and all the latest improvements.

As the original price of this pen is 15/6 you cannot do better than avail yourself of this offer. Write at once and enclose P.O. value 5/6 to the actual makers:

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BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

For Brain and Nerves.

IT is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

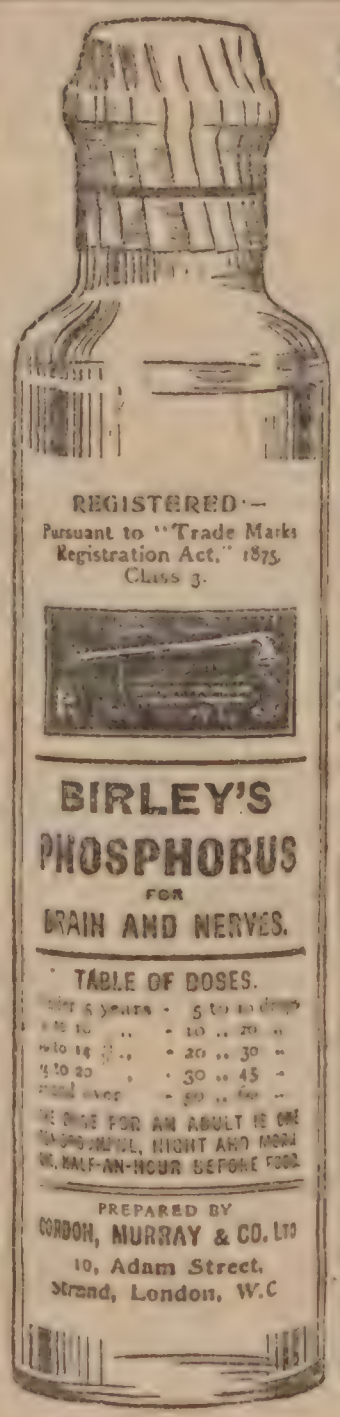
Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must feed the brain and nerves, and replace the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS, *properly* administered, has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo or Giddiness, and those *vague and undefined nervous conditions* (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

The human body does not need the ordinary every-day tonics and stimulants—the whips—of the medical world in these circumstances. They have their spheres of usefulness in other directions, but where the nerves are at fault the actual nutrient restorative natural to the system is what is required, viz., Phosphorus. But Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be fed by the one element they alone are in need of, and so kept definitely in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

ALL CHEMISTS, &c., 1/1½, 2/6, 4/6.



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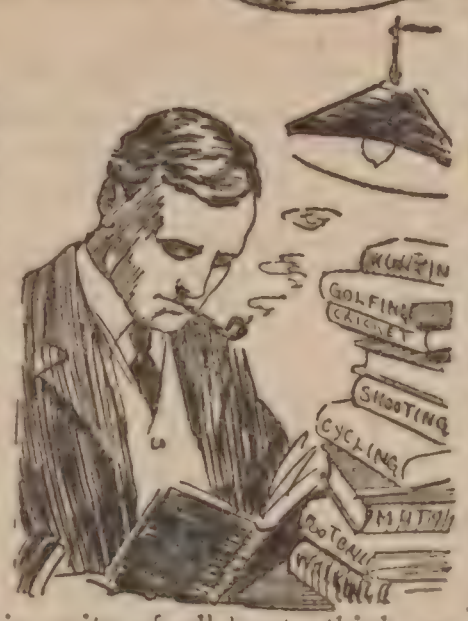
SEND THIS COUPON D. X. 6
To GORDON MURRAY and CO., Ld.,

10, Adam-street, Strand, London, W.C., with four penny stamps to cover parcel, postage, packing, and despatching, and the generous-sized Trial Bottle, as illustrated, containing a week's supply, will be forwarded by return. If you have previously had one of these Trial Bottles we cannot accept your application for another. Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

INSPIRATION HUNTING

SUCH ARE THE SPORTS OF OUR POPULAR WRITERS.



There is a foolish idea, prevalent in many quarters, that a man can't write clever books and play games too. In the days of long ago it may have been the fashion for an author to grow thin and pale over the midnight oil, but the writers of to-day manage to get a fair amount of enjoyment from the various forms of athletics, besides turning out an amount of work, the very thought of which would be enough to make a navvy break out into a cold sweat.

WATER FOR MR. STEAD.

Mr. W. T. Stead, the man who holds his own opinions in spite of all opposition, and edits the "Review of Reviews," writes:

"My favourite pastime is paddling about in a boat at the seaside, and bathing in hot weather, and playing with children at all times. I like cycling, and used to like riding, but have got out of that since my pony died."

CAPTAIN KETTLE, MOTORIST.

In all Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's books there is a whiff of the open air, and the characters are possessed of a muscular vigour which reflects that of their creator. This is what he says of his off times:

"I have shot big game in Norway and America; I have just returned from killing wild boar and moufflon in the Moroccan Atlas. Automobilism is my latest amusement."

MR. JACOBS IS DISCOURAGED.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs, author of "Many Cargoes," "Beauty and the Barge," and a score of equally dainty works of humour, blames Mr. Kipling's attack on the muddied oaf for his lack of prowess in athletics. His letter is pathetic:

"I have no amusements. But for the purposes of magazine articles I was just going to cultivate one, when I was warned off by a poem called 'The Islanders.' Many years ago I played tennis over a twine in gardens, but the neighbours were so dilatory in returning the balls that I became discouraged. My golf jacket (worn once) is mouldering away in a distant cupboard."

VARIETY FOR MR. SIMS.

Mr. George R. Sims, who knows and loves his London so well, and who has made it the setting of so many books, plays and articles, writes:

"My favourite amusements are playing battledore and shuttlecock, driving, exploring London and playing bezique."

MR. MORRISON'S MANY LOVES.

Mr. Arthur Morrison, author of "Tales of Mean Streets," "A Child of the Jago," and other popular works says:

"My outdoor pastimes are fewer than they were, at any rate as regards sports. I have ridden every known form of bicycle, beginning with the wooden 'boneshaker' years ago. The latest form of tricycle, in fact, which is in design practically a safety-bicycle with two driving wheels, was my own invention.

"Before I had to wear glasses always, I was fond of boxing; but now I am of course unable to practise that, beyond the very gentle degree necessary to teach my little son. I have used my boxing knowledge in more than one of my stories.

"I have a large collection of Japanese paintings and prints; Oriental china and pottery also attracts me, though the pictures are my speciality. With these and my garden, walks and observations in the forest by my house, and my bicycle occasionally, I get all the amusement I can find the time for, and, indeed, a great deal more."

MR. PEMBERTON'S FAVOURITES.

Mr. Max Pemberton, whose "Iron Pirate" brought him fame with a rush, and whose subsequent stories have more than maintained his repute, declares:

"I suppose golf is my favourite recreation; but I do not think so when I am playing badly. I, of course, have gone in for most sports, as you know, rowing and riding particularly; but literature does not give you very much time for that sort of thing."

CLEEKS FOR MR. CROCKETT.

Mr. S. R. Crockett has been known to journey from the Shetlands to Norway in a rowing boat when in search of local colour for a novel, but such adventures as these he does not apparently regard as amusments. He writes:

"As to pastimes I am divided between golf and photography. I usually play at St. Andrews."

ISN'T THIS SPORT?

F. Anstey, under which pen-name Mr. Anstey Guthrie has won fame with "Vice-versa" and "The Brass Bottle," writes:

"I am no sportsman. My favourite recreations are cycling, walking and rowing."

NOT VERY AMUSING.

Mr. Israel Zangwill, author of "Without Prejudice," says:

"I regret to say that the only amusement I have time for is answering questions about my amusements.

"Yours Without Prejudice,"

GHOULS.

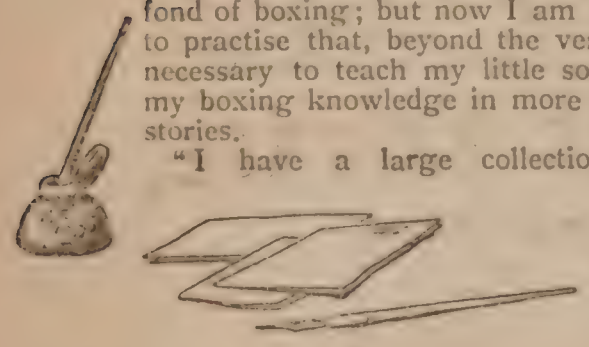
Probably the most ghastly form of crime is that of robbing the dead, but instances of this are constantly occurring in our midst. Not very long ago a young Deal tradesman slipped overboard while fishing, and was drowned. It was known that he was wearing an overcoat and some jewellery when he left home, but when the body was discovered it had been stripped of its valuables.

A similar instance occurred recently when a London stockbroker, having got into difficulties, committed suicide on Brighton beach. He had a valuable gold repeater watch, but it was not found on the body, though it was afterwards discovered at a local pawnbroker's.

The Thames police are well aware of the doings of the ghouls. At midnight a row boat will steal over the dark waters, its occupants keenly alert for the derelict human form which may be floating down with the tide. The reward for reporting a dead body is five shillings, but the jewellery or clothing is certain to be worth very much more.

The majority of the bodies eventually found by the police are innocent of valuables, and are very often stripped almost naked. In some cases their death is due to suicide through poverty, but that theory is not sufficient to explain all.

In many cases evidence has been brought forward at the inquest, proving conclusively that the suicide had changed notes or gold immediately before he disappeared.



CALABASH PIPES FREE.

The calabash is one of the most fashionable of pipes at the present moment, and there has been a great run on them.

A well-known firm of tobacco manufacturers have seized the opportunity of making presents of these pipes to their customers.

Each of the first 500 customers sending 5s. to Sadler and Moore, Spital Square, Bishopsgate, London, for a half-pound tin of "Service Mixture" will receive, in addition to the tobacco, a silver-mounted calabash briar pipe, free.

The proprietors of "Service Mixture" wish to make it quite clear that the price has not been advanced for the purpose—this tobacco has always been retailed at 10s. per pound tin, 5s. per half-pound, and proportionately for smaller quantities.

It is admitted to be one of the finest mixtures produced and, being something quite out of the common, it is very fascinating.

A £500 INSURANCE

Registered and good for a year.

The Proprietors of "THE MODERN MAN" have entered into an arrangement with the

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The Insurance will hold good for one year from the date it bears and will be dispatched on receipt of the subjoined Application Form, filled in with the name, address, and occupation of the Applicant, accompanied by a Postal Order for 6d and an addressed envelope.

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To be detached at dotted line and forwarded to the

GENERAL
Accident Fire and Life
ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Limited.
General Buildings, Perth, Scotland.

I request you to forward to me, in the accompanying addressed envelope, the Insurance above described, and to register my name as below, as the holder of such Insurance, for which purpose I also enclose a Postal Order for 6d.

Full Name,.....

Address, ...

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Occupation,.....

Date,.....

Postal Orders should be made payable to the "General Accident Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Limited," and crossed.

Please Write Plainly.

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When growing Sweet Peas grow only the best. A superb display occupies no more space, takes no more time to cultivate, neither does it cost any more than a poor show. To obtain the very best, send direct to Eckford for your seeds; **but remember they are only genuine when obtained direct from Wem.**

WE DO NOT SUPPLY THE TRADE

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Write for Catalogue containing full particulars of this season's novelties; it also gives details of some very special offers.

SPECIAL NOVELTY OFFER.

One packet each of the ten grand novelties, 9/6 post free.

VILLA (B) COLLECTION.
24 Splendid Varieties.
Suitable for Exhibition, 50 seeds of each, **5/6**

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12 Splendid Varieties.
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FREE. Send a postcard for Coloured Illustrated and full descriptive Catalogue. It is sent post free. Write to-day.

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A GREAT NOVELTY.

The "Magic" Safety Inkwell.

Unspillable! Dustproof! Non-Evaporating! Self-Righting!
A Perfect Patent Inkwell for Pocket, Home, or Office Use.

Here is an inkwell that will give you every satisfaction and pleasure in use. Think of an inkwell that if either wilfully or accidentally upset will right itself—an inkwell, in fact, that absolutely refuses to upset and spill its contents. As illustration shows, the shape is that of an egg—hence this inkwell is sometimes called the "Columbus." The outer case is beautifully made of the new untarnishable and featherweight metal, aluminium. The inside container is of rubber, with glass fountain dip, which *allows only a proper supply of ink to be taken at each dip.* The "Magic" Columbus Inkwell is a splendid novelty, and makes a really acceptable present to a person of either sex and of any age.

It also recommends itself to every educated person who can appreciate ink free from dust and dirt.

The price is only **1/3** post free. Two will be sent for **2/3**, or three for **3/-** (to separate addresses if desired).

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Make your own Cigarette, Sir. It is twice as good.

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Largest Sale in Great Britain.

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The finest Old Scotch at

3/- PER BOTTLE.

Oatine

When the face tingles and burns after shaving, OATINE immediately soothes the irritated skin and relieves all tenderness.

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A nice manly moustache grows in a few days at any age by using **"MOUSTA."** Always effective. **Money returned if not satisfied.** Boys become men. Acts like magic. Box sent (in plain cover) for **6d. Stamps.** Send at once to: T. DIXON & Co., 42, Junction Road, N.

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Complete views of bull-fights, pictures of Aragonese dancers, Andalusian costumes, etc. Sample lots at 3/- P.O.

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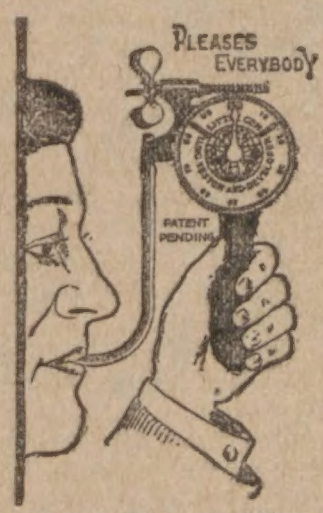

A clever scientific instrument which accurately records the strength and capacity of the lungs. Use once a day for only 1 minute, and you will increase your chest measurement from 1 to 3 inches and your breathing capacity 50 per cent.

Strengthens Weak Lungs and Chest.

MOST INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE FOR HOME PARTY COMPETITIONS.

(Dip Mouthpiece in clean water after each person, and there is no danger.)

Price One Shilling.

Postage 1d. extra. 2 post free for **2s.**, 3 for **2s. 9d.**

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DOGS! DOGS!! DOGS!!!

Dogs are as subject to as many ailments as human beings, and at this season of the year require particular care and attention. We offer you on mentioning this paper, our valuable illustrated booklet,

"HINTS TO DOG OWNERS,"

which not only contains a fund of original and useful information regarding the care of dogs in health, but also enables readers to treat canine diseases with the experience of an expert. Drop a postcard to-day to

H. F. SHERLEY & Co., 46 & 48, Borough High Street,
LONDON, S.E.,

And receive a gratis copy by return.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

RACING CLOTHES.

If you happen to visit Waterloo Station when racing men are returning from Kempton or Sandown, you will observe that many of them appear to have a great leaning towards light dust coats, brown boots and gaiters, and you might imagine that this was regarded as the correct dress for a race meeting; but these are the patrons of the silver ring; they are dressed according to their own tastes, and not according to the dictates of fashion.

The correct dress for such suburban meetings as Kempton, Hurst Park, or Sandown, is a tweed lounge suit and a bowler hat, and the same garb will do you admirably well at Newmarket. At Ascot, at the Derby, and at Doncaster, the favourite wear is either a frock coat or a morning coat suit, and silk hat. Ascot being the dressiest of all racing functions, grey frock coats are not often seen there, but at the other race meetings they are even more popular than the black garments, and certainly they tend to make the whole spectacle brighter.

Brightness in racing clothes is, by the way, a thing that has been much fought for during recent years. The King has worn at many fashionable meetings a white felt hat, and Lord Buchan is seldom seen without a waistcoat of some extraordinary hue, which combined with his striped trousers tend greatly to lighten his immediate vicinity.

FREAK STICKS.

The latest form of freak stick costs about five shillings, and is made of a solid bar of iron, japanned so as to resemble an ebony cane. The weight may be anything from 10 lbs. upwards, and it is supposed to be particularly good for the muscles.

I number amongst my friends a professional strong man whose name is a household word. He has for years carried a hollow iron stick filled with lead. It must weigh something like half a hundredweight I should imagine; at least I do not recollect ever having come across anything quite so heavy for its bulk. He finds endless amusement requesting a new acquaintance to hold his stick for a moment. The man who does not know this particular stick is as much astonished as if you handed him a couple of bricks in a glove box.

It is a childish game of a man who is at least physically strong, but there is something so essentially primitive in the humour of it that it appeals almost as much to the victim as to the perpetrator of the joke.

BONING.

The experienced valet submits the boots of which he has charge to a process known as boning. The instrument he employs is the leg bone of a deer, and with this he rubs either black or brown boots after they have been fixed upon their trees.

This treatment will remove every wrinkle, and will greatly improve the smoothness of surface.

It is no good using any other kind of bone. If you used a mutton bone for instance you would only scratch the leather badly. Deer bones possess a satin-like texture which renders them unique in this respect.

WHERE OLD CLOTHES SCORE.

Even the well dressed man will at times prefer a suit that is obviously the worse for wear. When he is dressed for any form of sport he does not wish it to appear that he is a novice, or that he indulges in this sport to any limited extent; he therefore selects a suit that has already been seasoned, or he manipulates a new suit so that it may seem to have already been used many times.

A brand new shooting coat is considered bad form. The shoulders must appear to be rubbed from the constant carrying of the gun, and the third button hole of the waistcoat must be frayed, as it is from this button hole that the cartridge extractor hangs. So also the shooter's boots and gaiters must not look as if they had never seen the moors before, and even the man whose reputation as a sportsman is thoroughly established, will break in a new pair of boots by many long walks before he wears them on the heather.

So also in the hunting field. It does not matter how often your pink has been washed; it does not matter even if sweat stains are visible on the tails of it. But it brands you as an outsider at once if your coat is obviously new. I have known a man order a new hunting coat to be dipped in a tub of water and dried before the fire, so that it might appear thoroughly seasoned. A hat for hunting is considered none the less becoming if it has a visible crease or two, as if it had come into violent contact with a branch, while its wearer was forcing his way through a copse.

REMOVING THE NEW LOOK.

The man who goes riding in an absolutely fresh rig-out has only himself to thank, if all beholders suppose that he is unaccustomed to the saddle. Many men, who spend large sums on clothes, make a point of handing over certain parts of their costume to their grooms to have the newness taken off them.

Gloves for riding or driving ought to appear the worse for wear, and so should gaiters.

The latter will be of the latest type, but the inner sides must be worn and scarred as if from constant contact with the saddle. Some valets are experts at giving just the right appearance of wear, by rubbing the inside of the gaiter with a hot flat iron.

But be very careful that only the inside is so treated. A certain famous actor once appeared on the stage in a pair of leggings, which appeared to have seen much hard wear, but unfortunately the saddle seemed by some mysterious means to have rubbed the outside of each legging as well as the side which came into contact with it.

BOOT ECONOMY.

It is inadvisable to pay more than 25s. for a pair of boots, but you will not get a pair of the best quality for very much less. You must not think me extravagant in naming this price, as it really comes cheaper to buy one pair of boots at 25s. than three pairs at 12s. 6d.

Never on any account hack a pair of boots down by wearing them constantly. The truest economy is to run at least three pairs at the same time, wearing them day about, so that one pair will thus have two days' rest for every day's wear.

Trees are absolutely essential. Those made of solid wood in three pieces can be had to fit any size of boot at a cost of 2s. the pair, and they will more than pay for that expense in the course of a year.

When you put a pair of boots on trees, the sole is pressed back into its proper position instead of bending upwards as it otherwise would do. The wrinkles are removed from the instep, and the boots can be much better cleaned than would otherwise be possible.

I do not advocate inserting the trees in the boots immediately they are taken off the feet. I think that a moment should be given for any moisture in the lining to evaporate, but the trees should certainly be put in before the boot is cold.

BRITAIN V. THE NATIONS.

The Frenchman cannot compete with us in the matter of dress. He does not pretend to do so. On the contrary, he is studying our fashions carefully, and the clothes of the Parisian are becoming more and more like those of the Londoner.

The one barrier is his personal taste, which runs in the direction of femininity. The Briton is satisfied if his clothes are of unimpeachable cut and material; the Frenchman must adorn himself with those little fripperies which would be better left to his sisters. The seams of his coat must overlap, and the stitching must be visible in dainty rows. The set of the collar is immaterial to him, so long as the tailor makes visible his artificial waist line. His trousers he prefers of a shape that will make his feet conspicuous, generally tapering to the ankle, and his boots are pointed like a girl's. But in spite of these things the Frenchman is rapidly improving, and, as I have said, he in no wise questions our supremacy in the tailoring world.

OUR ONLY RIVAL.

The American is the only foreigner who dares to set up any rivalry to ourselves. That his effort is unsuccessful is best proved by the fact that those Americans who can afford it either send to London for their clothes, or wait till they visit London to purchase an extensive wardrobe.

The American's attempt to be different from the Englishman is ludicrous in the extreme. Our tailors use padding in the shoulders of a coat to the very slightest extent, the Americans pad their jackets, till the figure is made broad out of all proportion. It is very badly done, for it never suggests physical development, but merely gives the impression that the man is wearing a coat that was designed for a giant. As soon as the Americans learned that the British lounge jacket had become long, they exaggerated the fashion till they seemed to be wearing miniature overcoats.

But they do not wait for hints from us in all matters. Their trousers they have designed for themselves, and they are unique. The British trouser conforms to the outline of the leg, and if not a thing of beauty, is not wholly unsightly; the American trouser is about three times as wide as it ought to be, and at least nine inches too long.

It hangs about the ankles in hideous folds, and surmounts boots that it would take a whole paragraph to describe fully. The American boots are cut very straight on the inside, with the result that their wearers invariably appear to be in-toed. Add to this the absurdity of the American's hat, which is generally much too small for him, and I do not think an impartial critic could regard America's rivalry seriously.

WHY WE ARE SUPREME.

The Englishman's supremacy lies in his consciousness of dress. He conforms to the habits of his class without any apparent striving after effect. His taste is irreproachable. You will seldom find him wearing a bowler hat with a morning coat, a common sight in the streets of Berlin.

It is only fair to add that the British tailor is a more efficient workman and has more claims to the title of artist than any foreign competitor.

TYING A BOW.

One often finds that evening dress or other bow ties are far too long to make a small and neat bow. To cut them spoils the look of them.

A far better plan is to tie them so that there is really only one loop to the bow; pass the second end through single instead of double, and push the extra length up between your collar and shirt, when it can be disposed of finally by tucking it into your shirt collar.

The bow thus made is neater than the ordinary type, it takes half the time to tie, for there are no two ends to get even, and it is very unlikely that anyone will spot the difference.

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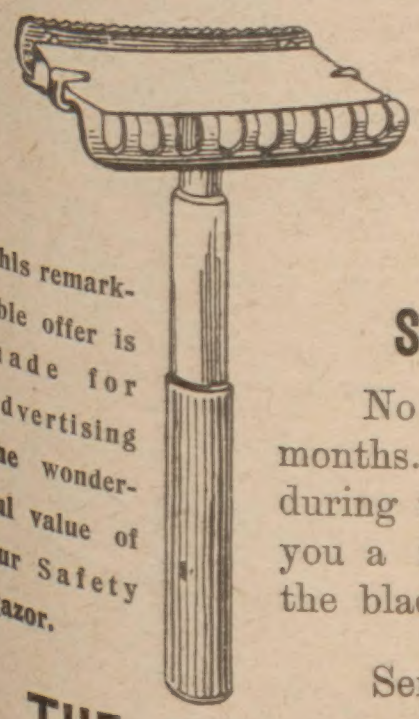
A THOROUGHLY TESTED

Magnetic Steel SAFETY RAZOR



This remarkable offer is made for advertising the wonderful value of our Safety Razor.

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Some Advantages of Shaving Yourself with a Safety Razor.

No risk of cuts or sores. Can shave in the dark. Blade retains keenness for months. Easily stropped. Extremely portable. More economical—three shaves during the week at a barber's, averaging 3d. each, runs into 39s. a year. We offer you a fully guaranteed safety razor, which will last for months without renewing the blade, for two shillings.

Send Postal Order to-day for 2s., and 3d. to cover postage, packing, etc., to

THE SAFETY RAZOR CO. (Dept. M), 48, Aden Grove, London, N.

AGENTS WANTED.

NOTE.—*If you are not thoroughly satisfied your money will be returned in full.*

AGENTS WANTED.

Doctor and Patient Discover Cure for Catarrh.

DISCOVERY OF METHOD OF FREEING THE AIR-PASSAGES THAT RENDERS CONTINUANCE OF THIS HITHERTO INCURABLE COMPLAINT IMPOSSIBLE.

Great success is attending the new cure for Catarrh.

It is interesting to note that the cure is the joint discovery of a doctor and his patient, between whom there was a bond of mutual sympathy and interest developed by reason of the fact that both suffered from Catarrh. The patient's case was the worse of the two. Indeed, the patient's lungs were beginning to be seriously affected, and, what with the constant coughing and spitting, and the difficulty of breathing, his life became a struggle for breath itself.

The doctor's own personal interest in the treatment of Catarrh led him to try this, that, and the other thing, but all without avail, and the patient's own case steadily grew worse.

It is significant that the medical man confined his search to the domain of drugs—such is the power of one's special training. The only thing that seemed to benefit the patient was a balsamic and antiseptic compound. The latter's influence, however, was negative rather than positive. It relieved, but did not cure.

BOOK BY THE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT.

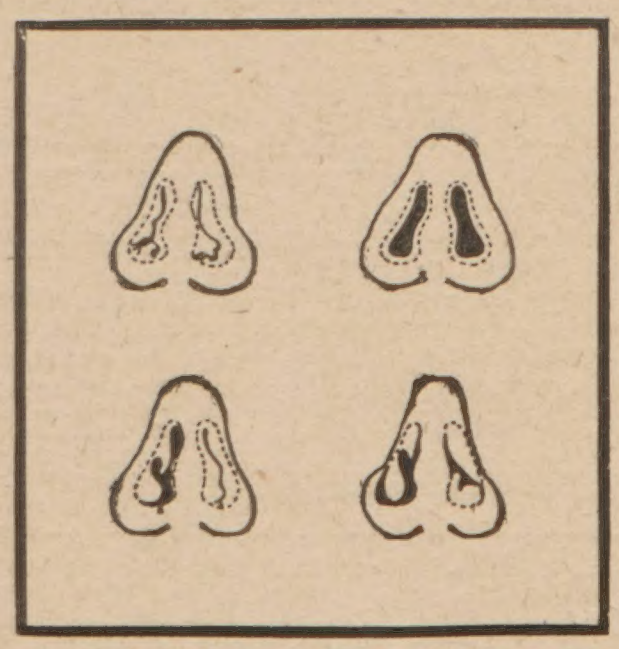
One morning the doctor was astonished to receive an early visit from his patient while at breakfast.

"What!" said the doctor, "have you found a cure for your and my Catarrh?"

"Yes, I believe I have," said the patient-visitor.

"Yes; I, too, believe you have," declared the doctor after hearing his patient's account of his discovery.

Now, the whole story of the discovery and the physiological "reason why" are set forth in a treatise which the doctor and his patient have together compiled and published for the benefit of other Catarrh-afflicted members of the public.



Specimens of Anatomical Illustrations of the Book on Respiratory Re-Education.

Doctor and patient have only just published their joint treatise. First, the doctor wanted to try the discovery on himself. He did, and he quickly got well. Even then the conservatively scientific mind of the doctor (much as he wished to believe the discovery to be the long-awaited cure for Catarrh) raised doubts and fears in regard to the discovery, especially as to whether it would cure all other Catarrh sufferers as well as one or two.

The cured and sanguine patient was all for publishing the good news at once. A single swallow was the sign of summer to him; but the doctor, while not sceptical, preferred to wait for further evidence of the curative power of the discovery. Accordingly the cure was tried by friends of patient and doctor alike. Each searched the highways and byways of his acquaintanceship for Catarrh-affected persons, and one after the other, men and women of all ages, they all got quickly rid of their Catarrh.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL CURE.

The doctor is even now writing a technical treatise for the benefit of his professional brethren, and no doubt would have felt it his duty to confine his knowledge within ethical limits. He realised, however, that the important part played in the discovery by a layman renders it impossible for him to act in any professionally selfish spirit towards the public.

Hence, the book just published is offered to any member of the public who has reason to wish for knowledge of how to cure his or her Catarrh, whether it be simple post-nasal Catarrh, or the more seriously advanced stages where the ears and hearing, or the lungs and breathing, are affected. It is curious, too, to note that the treatment is an absolute cure for "snoring."

"Respiratory Re-Education: A Cure for Catarrh," is the title of this book, a copy of which will be sent free of cost and post free to all who apply for it to The Authors, "Respiratory Re-Education," 20, Rhycol Building, 129, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Mr. GEO. R. SIMS

TELLS THE STORY OF HIS GREAT DISCOVERY,
THE RENOWNED HAIR RENEWER,

Tatcho

"WHEN I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my prepa[illegible] In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims.

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims Company, is introducing **"Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.**

FOR YOUR HAIR.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

Tatcho

WHAT SOCIETY AND THE ARMY AND NAVY SAY ABOUT THIS GREAT HAIR GROWER.

DR. COOK ON "TATCHO."

No other treatment can compare with "Tatcho." I have recommended it to hundreds.

Philip V. Cooke L.R.C.P.

MAJ.-GEN. KEATE ON "TATCHO."

High Croft, Winchester.

I find Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" excellent, and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life. I could not have believed that any preparation could do so much good in so short a time.

Ed. Keate. Major General

LADY SYKES ON "TATCHO."

2, Chesterfield Street,
Mayfair, W.

When I first employed Mr. Geo. R Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

Jessica Sykes

COL. PERRY ON "TATCHO."

Royal Hibernian Hotel,
Dawson Street, Dublin.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of "Tatcho" as I have.

E Perry Colonel

COL. BACOT CHESTER ON "TATCHO."

Zetland House, Maidenhead.

I well know how valuable Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is.

F Bacot Chester

THE NOVELIST "RITA."

I consider you have conferred a boon on members of the great human family by your discovery of "Tatcho." In my opinion it is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer.

Rita

COMR. T. WOLFE MURRAY ON "TATCHO."

Trobridge, Crediton.

I have found Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" of distinct benefit to my hair.

F. Wolfe Murray Commander R.N.

LADY COLLINS ON "TATCHO."

18, Ashburn Place,
Kensington, W.

Lady Collins has been induced to try Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick.

Lady Collins

WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, knew this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

The COUPON

FOR A

4/6 Trial Bottle,

TATCHO.

Cut this out.

"TATCHO" COUPON.

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Hair Grower "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

M. M. *Dr Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer &c*

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